The Outlook

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A Prosecutor Prosecuted

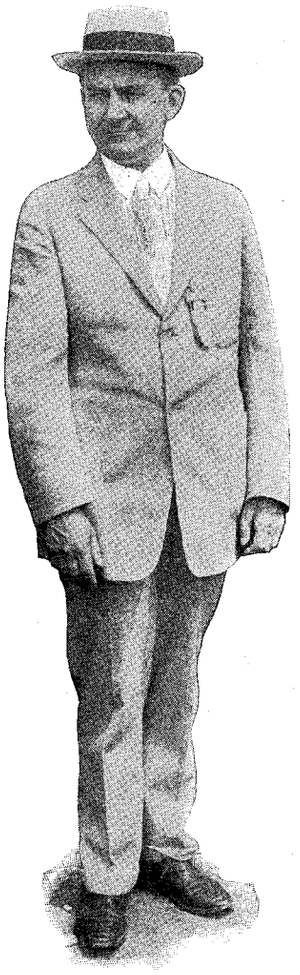
CONTRASTS such as serve the uses of the dramatist have characterized the trial of Harry Daugherty and Thomas W. Miller. Daugherty, as President Harding's Attorney-General was the chief American administrator of justice. In this trial he has been at the bar of justice before a Federal court and before an attorney of the Department over which he once presided. Miller was once custodian of the property of enemy aliens. In this trial he has been confronted by a former enemy alien whose testimony has been invoked to prove that he was false to his trust. Merton, the witness, a German with an English name and English ancestry, was summoned by the Government to testify against the accused. In the course of this trial, however, he has been subject by the Government's attorney, Mr. Buckner, to questioning closely resembling the cross-examination of a hostile lawyer.

The very fact that this trial could take place is humiliating to an American who wants his country to stand well before the nations of the earth. It is not pleasant for an American to see the former Attorney-General of his own Government and a former Alien Property Custodian arraigned under the accusation of conspiring to defraud the Government of their "honest, unbiased, and unprejudiced services" while in office. The charges concern the transfer of some $7,000,000 worth of securities of a German-owned company to the Société Suisse Pour Valeurs des Métaux. It is alleged that the accused profited by the transfer.

Accusation, however, is not conviction. The accused have the right to be regarded by the public as well as by the court as innocent unless and until proved guilty. In particular whatever Americans may think of the ethics or the taste of Mr. Daugherty's conduct as a Cabinet officer, it is only right and fair that they should suspend their judgment concerning the legal character of his acts until the jury in the case has rendered its verdict and the court has made its decision.

Political "Dog Falls"

IN the political battles of this year, there have been few complete victories and, of course, equally few crushing defeats. It has been a season of "dog falls," as the phrase used to be—



Wide World

Governor John J. Blaine

Nominated for the United States Senate from Wisconsin

probably still is—at the juvenile wrestling ringside.

The recent Republican primary in Wisconsin shows typical results. The defeat of Senator Lenroot by Governor John J. Blaine has every appearance of a victory for the La Follette irregulars and a defeat for the Coolidge Administration. But, on the other hand, the nomination of Fred R. Zimmermann for Governor is a defeat for the irregulars in that it loosens "Young Bob's" hold on the State organization and is apparently, therefore, to that extent a Coolidge victory.

The defeat of Senator Lenroot is, if not the most significant politically, the most important in the public eye of the Wisconsin results. Lenroot has been, throughout, a staunch supporter of the Administration. He led, successfully, the Administration fight for adherence to the World Court of International Justice. He was the trusted lieutenant of the Administration in other battles. Those who have professed to see repudiation of the World Court in the defeat of other Senators who voted for it will discover a deeper significance in the defeat of Lenroot. Whether any of the defeats has any such significance is still, however, open to question.

The nomination of Blaine by the La Follette forces will have the effect of reducing by one the Republican majority in the Senate. Either he or a Democrat must be elected. In Wisconsin, as in Iowa, the question now is whether or not all Regular Republicans are regular enough to support a nominee who would certainly be more violently if not more consistently opposed to Administration measures than a Democrat would be.

Newspaper advertisements signed by the National President of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment linked Blaine with beer.

The results of other primaries recently held contained no elements of surprise. Senator Moses, renominated in New Hampshire over former Governor Bass who has been called the last Bull Moose, is certain of election. Senator Oddie, renominated in Nevada, must make a hard fight to win in November. Moses bitterly opposed adherence to the World Court and, on some other questions, failed to support the Administration. Oddie has been one of the Administration's consistent supporters.

The Maine election, which keeps Mr. Brewster in the Governor's chair for another term, shows no great change in that normally Republican State.

Preventive Medicine in the Senate

A REVOLUTION in Senate practice is in prospect. If William S. Vare of Pennsylvania and Colonel Frank L. Smith of Illinois are elected and present

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their credentials, an effort will be made to deny them membership in the Senate.

The practice heretofore has been, in cases of questionable qualifications or election, to accept the man who has presented credentials from the State authorities and some time later, frequently very much later, to investigate his right to sit as a Senator. If, after investigation, he has been removed and his opponent seated, a man never qualified to sit as a Senator has none the less done so and has voted on many important questions.

This practice has been held justifiable on the ground that a State should not be deprived of full representation in the Senate pending determination of the rights of the contestants. To many, that has always seemed a spurious justification. A State is, necessarily, misrepresented rather than represented by having a man whom it did not honestly choose sit as Senator and, in sound theory, it would be better off without representation during the interval than with misrepresentation.

If the Senate is disposed to adopt a different practice, the Vare and Smith cases—if they survive the November elections—will probably present an unusually good opportunity. They differ from most contested election cases of the past in that the facts have already been pretty definitely brought out. A select committee of the Senate has investigated fully the question of excessive expenditures in the primaries, the point on which their right to sit as Senators will be challenged. The Senate will probably be in as good position at the outset as it could be later to decide whether or not these two men should be accepted as Senators.

As an economy measure, the proposed practice may commend itself to the Administration. Heretofore, two salaries have been paid when a man has been seated as a Senator and later removed. The theory has been that it would be unjust to require the man seated and later removed to work for nothing and that it would be equally unjust to withhold a salary from the finally successful contestant who, all the while, had been entitled to the seat. True, sums of money thus lost to the Government are not large, but any sum which the Government does not justly owe and yet pays is too large.

Jardine at Osawatomie

WHO owns a cabinet officer? Perhaps the time has come when the question should be looked into somewhat carefully. It has been made immediately pertinent by a recent occurrence at Osawatomie, Kansas.

Secretary of Agriculture Jardine was speaking before a gathering of farmers in John Brown Memorial Park. He had explained why he opposed the Haugen agricultural relief bill and had said something about what he believed could be done toward stabilizing agriculture and making it permanently profitable. When the Secretary had finished, Milo Reno, President of the Farmers Union of Iowa, had his say. Here it is:

"The time has come for the farmers to tell the Secretary of Agriculture that he is not there to criticize or dictate to them, but to carry out the farmers' program."

That is an astounding doctrine. After all that we have heard through a generation concerning sinister influences—Wall Street and what not else—exerted upon officials of the Federal Government, it is almost inconceivable that any man in a responsible position would publicly say that a member of the President's cabinet should be the agent for carrying out the program of any particular group. It is not conceivable that many among farmers' organizations hold any such view.

It would be better for everybody concerned if Mr. Reno and men like him would understand now that the Secretary of Agriculture is not in Washington to carry out the farmers' program but to carry out a program in the interest of all the people.

If the proposition were turned about a bit, even Mr. Reno would realize that he does not mean what he said. He would, probably, be among the first to protest if it were announced that Secretary of Commerce Hoover is in Washington to carry out the program of organized manufacturers.

A Step-Up Transformer Needed

SECRETARY JARDINE'S suggestions for stabilizing agriculture, made before he was rebuked by Mr. Reno, are neither new nor particularly comprehensive. They may contain the basis for an Administration program for agriculture, to be presented at the next session of Congress, but they do not themselves constitute such a program.

What the Secretary proposed is, in substance, that the Danish plan of co-operative marketing be applied in the United States. He would have farmers form sectional or regional co-operative associations, each confining its operations to one commodity, borrowing from the Government at four per cent and lending to its members at six per cent.

This plan has worked successfully in Denmark and, in smaller measure, in other European countries. In this country, however, it would take on a double set of complications. In Denmark, a one-commodity co-operative organization may operate on a nation-wide scale. The number of such organizations, therefore, is not unduly large. Then, too, the number of farm products to be marketed in Denmark is not so large as in the United States. Here, it would be necessary to have regional organizations for a great number of commodities many of which are produced in the same region. A single farmer in Iowa, for instance, might find it necessary to affiliate with a farmers' association for wheat, one for corn, one for hogs, one for cattle, one for sheep, one for butter or cream, one for eggs, one for hay, one for fruit, one for truck crops. In Ohio and in Oklahoma, equally large numbers of one commodity marketing organizations would be necessary. Both the individual farmer and the supervising officials in Secretary Jardine's newly created Division of Co-operative Marketing would be plagued with a multiplicity of organizations.

Secretary Jardine has not offered a solution for the problem. Those, at least, who do not agree with his general policy will hardly admit that he has made a contribution toward solution. He has, however, shown that the Administration is trying to formulate a plan which will be both sound and effective.

China and We "Foreign Devils"

CHINESE hatred of foreigners has lashed out with violence against Great Britain. The result is a situation which gives all the Powers in China cause to think seriously.

At Wanhsien, near Hankow, on the Yangtze River, two British steamers were held captive by forces associated with the Canton government of South China. These forces have been pressing a campaign against General Wu Pei-fu of central China, whose base at Hankow

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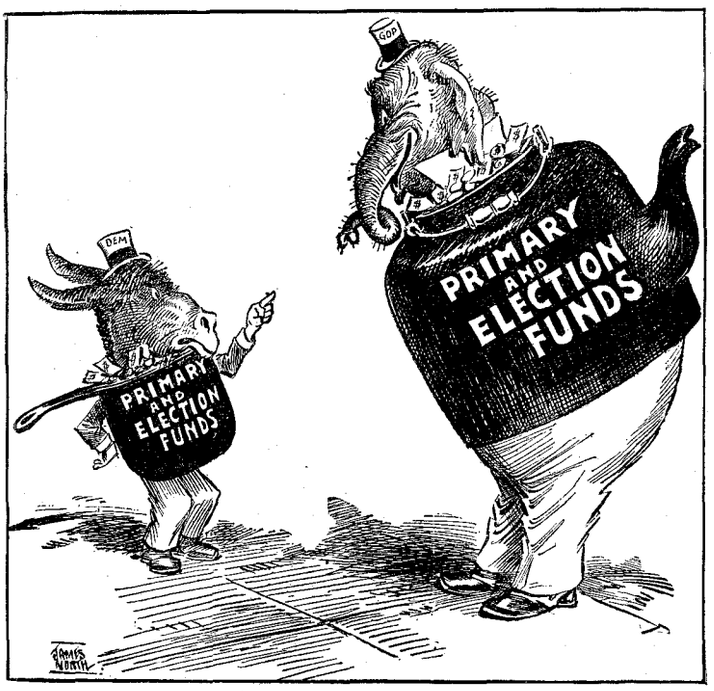
How should you govern?

(3 Henry VI, Act IV, Scene 3)

James North in the Washington Post



The little pot calls the big kettle black

From Ernest A. Short, Washington, D. C.

S. S. Byck in the New York Commercial

Another good plan gone wrong

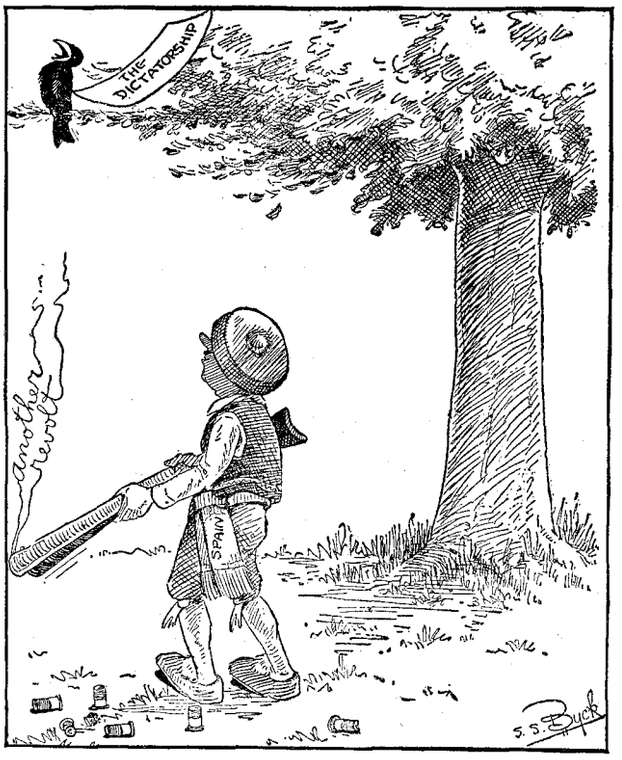
From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Shoemaker in the Chicago Daily News

And that's that

From P. P. Udre, Granite City, Ill.

S. S. Byck in the New York Commercial



A hard bird to hit

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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they have captured. British gunboats went to the rescue of six British merchant marine officers imprisoned on the seized steamers. The Chinese troops resisted, ambushed the British expeditionary parties on board the steamers, and killed some of them. Fire was opened also from the shores on the British gunboats. In the fighting several British officers and soldiers lost their lives and many more were wounded, while a British bombardment of the steamers which the Chinese were holding and of the town of Wanhsien is reported to have brought death to over five thousand Chinese.

American and other foreign gunboats and steamers were subjected to sniping from the shores; the lives and property of all foreigners were apparently in danger; and the United States, Great Britain, and Japan sent additional gunboats to the scene to protect their citizens. Finally, a united demand by all the foreign consuls at Hankow brought a promise from the commander of the Cantonese troops to stop the attacks on foreign vessels.

Evidently, the word of the Powers still carries weight in China, but is more likely to be challenged than in the past. There is little that the Powers can do except strengthen their river and port patrols, make the best arrangements they can with local chieftains, and always be ready to rescue their citizens in emergencies. No central government exists to which protests can be made or upon which any pressure can be exerted. China is in a turmoil of civil war which has been rendered almost meaningless by the factional rivalries of military chieftains. To attempt to police areas of the immense land beyond the foreign concessions is hopeless. Chasing the Chinese bandits is about as effective as chasing gangs of tough small boys who throw rocks.

Chaos cannot be coerced. The Powers will have to wait until there is some one in China who can control the country and then deal with him.

Licensed Vice in Japan

JAPAN is astir with an agitation to abolish the so-called "licensed" quarters in cities and towns of that country. The newspapers are active in demanding the abolition of the system by which women are officially marketed and from which the Government draws a considerable revenue. The Director of Police, Mr. Matsumura, is quoted as believing the practice must end "sooner or later," a vagueness that does not please either the press or the public.

Some sociologists have pointed to the Yoshiwara as a sensible way of dealing with the social evil, but the facts are against it. In Japan the City of Dreadful Night, as it might well be called, is a blot on the landscape, not alone from the degradation of its inmates, but from the fact that thousands of people live upon its drippings and constitute in themselves a moral menace.

That a government should derive revenue from such a source is no less than shocking.

In this Osaka Puck cartoon the Matsushima licensed district has spun a gigantic spider web into which politicians, such Premier Wakatsuki; Mr. Minomura, a leader in the Government Party; Mr. Tokonami, president of the Seiyuhonto, and other influential flies have flown. The caption says,, in effect: "All that glisters is not gold."

This cartoon, with its English heading and caption, we take from the "Trans-Pacific," of Tokyo

Reparation and Reconciliation

Two important steps toward lasting peace in Europe have been marked by the beginning of this month. The spectacular character of one—the entry of Germany into the League of Nations, her welcome by France, and the start of negotiations for a general accord on their outstanding differences—has secured widespread attention. The quieter character of the other—the successful completion of the second year of the Dawes Plan for payment of war damages and the undertaking of the third

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year—has attracted less notice. But it is an achievement equally vital, for without reparations the Allies never would have accepted Germany as a member of the League and admitted her to a permanent seat on the Council among the Great Powers.

Germany has carried through a program of payments amounting to $550,000,000, of which $300,000,000 have been made during the past year. Many of the difficulties predicted in transferring these vast sums have not arisen. The Allies have taken 54 per cent of their payments in goods, and can continue to do so for the coming year during which a similar schedule of payments is to be made. Then the amount due from Germany will rise to some $437,500,000 for the following year, and in 1928 it will reach the "standard annual payment" of about $625,000,000. For these sums much larger amounts must be drawn from the German national budget than in the first years.

The question is whether Germany will be able to continue to carry the added burden, and whether the other countries will take the amounts of German goods necessary to support her payments. For instance, France took 75 per cent of the reparations due her during the past year in goods. Will she take a like share in 1927 and 1928 and thereafter?

The result of the whole situation may be to force a series of European industrial and trade combines, in order to relate the different national interests to each other. Of that tendency the present French-German negotiations are one indication. The outcome will be of the greatest interest and concern to the United States.

Ireland Fading

THE reports of the census just taken by the Irish Free State show a total population (outside of Ulster) of 2,972,802, a loss of 166,886 since the last enumeration.

It appears that, while a birth rate of 21.1 per thousand prevails against one of 16 in deaths, an emigration of 8.8 accounts for the decline, plus losses in war and the withdrawal of British troops from the island. These items are credited with 27,400 and 34,000, respectively. Men exceed women, 1,000 to 973. The cities grow, as elsewhere, Dublin having increased 21,000, now numbering 419,115 souls. Forty-three per cent of Irish-born people, or 1,817,487, live in other lands.

Women emigrate in somewhat larger numbers than men. The lure of America still calls, despite the independence of the country.

Why Passports?

THE photographs which are stuck and sealed on passports are a standing joke among travelers. No one ever has been known to admit that his passport picture looks like himself, and usually it presents him as a candidate for the Rogues' Gallery or the psychopathic ward. The falsification of passports is constantly carried on. It is notorious that during and since the war spies and criminals have operated successfully with counterfeit identifications. Any one who knows the cursory examination given to passports at national frontiers realizes how small are the chances of detection of fraud. Yet these documents, troublesome and expensive to procure, are still required for any one wishing to go abroad.

The news that passports may henceforth be secured from American consulates will be a relief to American business men and correspondents and students in other countries. Heretofore it has been necessary to send application to Washington and wait weeks or months for a new passport when the term of extension of an old one has run out. But the question remains why the passport system should be maintained at all.

It was introduced generally as a necessity during the war, and continued afterwards as a consequence of war suspicions. But even under war conditions it often failed ludicrously to work. In Russia, for instance, one American engaged in relief work went through military lines at the Nikolaevsky Station in Petrograd, when the city was in a state of siege, with a baggage transfer check from the Grand Central Station in New York. An American newspaper correspondent who was there at the same time found that he could get almost anywhere he liked with a pass to the Polo Grounds. These, of course, were cases of dealing with ignorant sentries, yet they simply serve to throw into comic relief the obvious flaws of the passport system. Why, in times of peace, should it be kept up—except as a rather exasperating form of taxation?

Drastic Action–California and the Forest Fire

IN a vigorous, concerted effort to halt the spread of forest fires, which this year have wrought unprecedented havoc throughout California, the Forest Service has issued a notice, which became effective September 1, requiring all persons entering the National Forests to register with special Federal guards, who will be placed on the roads leading into all National reservations. This regulation, coupled with the "no smoking" orders, already in effect, will, it is hoped, reduce the number of man-caused fires, which have more than doubled since last year. If these measures are not effective, the Forest Service announces that the National Forests will be closed to all tourists until the rains eliminate further danger of fire.

Throughout the whole State, according to reports received from our Pacific coast correspondent, public opinion is being roused to the necessity for taking more drastic action. Every year the number of tourists entering California for the purpose of camping trips increases, and with the steady increase in the number of automobiles the influx of campers into the National Forests is greater every year. Between January 1 and August 20 of this year nearly 150,000 acres of National Forests have been burned over, while the total acreage burned over throughout the State in the same period has been well over 400,000 acres. Fires were still raging in various parts of California at the time our correspondents wrote, and thousands of men were being employed in fighting them.

The whole question is, of course, one of supreme National importance. The American Forestry Association, in a recent statement on the subject, put the matter tersely enough. It declared:

> If riot or invasion should sweep this country, killing unprotected settlers, plundering banks and treasuries of the people's savings and business capital, and, by destroying the basis of commercial enterprise, reduce our income by hundreds of millions more, the catastrophe would startle the world.
>
> If this disaster should threaten to

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recur the following year and every year thereafter, annually taking half a billion dollars from our people, paralyzing our industries, threatening future famine, and, worse still, destroying by millions of acres the very productivity of our lands, the situation would be unbearable. It would dominate every mind. All else would be forgotten in preparation for defense.

Although less spectacular, forest fire destruction is as real as riot or invasion. Our forest fire bill is well over $500,000,000 a year.

Such a state of things certainly demands the attention of every citizen, not only of the countryside, but of the cities and towns also. The effect of California's drastic action will be watched with interest throughout the country.

Astronomers Meet

WHETHER there are any other habitable worlds in the universe was the ever-interesting question that formed the high-light of the recent meeting of the American Astronomical Society. Every year the professional astronomers of the nation gather together, ostensibly for the purpose of describing their researches, but chiefly to mingle socially and discuss their work informally. It was such a meeting, at which about a hundred member and non-member astronomers were present, that a representative of The Outlook recently attended in the picturesque old island village of the vanished whaling industry —Nantucket.

Here Professor Henry Norris Russell, astronomer at Princeton University and by many considered America's foremost astronomer, delivered an interesting popular address on life in other worlds before an audience consisting of professional astronomers and townspeople.

Although the universe contains billions of stars which are really other suns, they are much too hot to permit life resembling the kind we know, said Dr. Russell. This reduces the question of life in other worlds to the solar system. From this we may eliminate the sun at once, leaving the planets and their satellites; also the asteroids or minor planets. Of these, Mercury is known to be too hot; the asteroids are too small to retain an atmosphere, and so is our moon; Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune are much too cold (a recent discovery, for they were previously thought to be hot). This leaves only Venus, Earth, Mars. For numerous reasons Dr. Russell threw Venus out, leaving only Earth and Mars and thus reducing the known life possibilities from several billions to only two.

How About Mars?

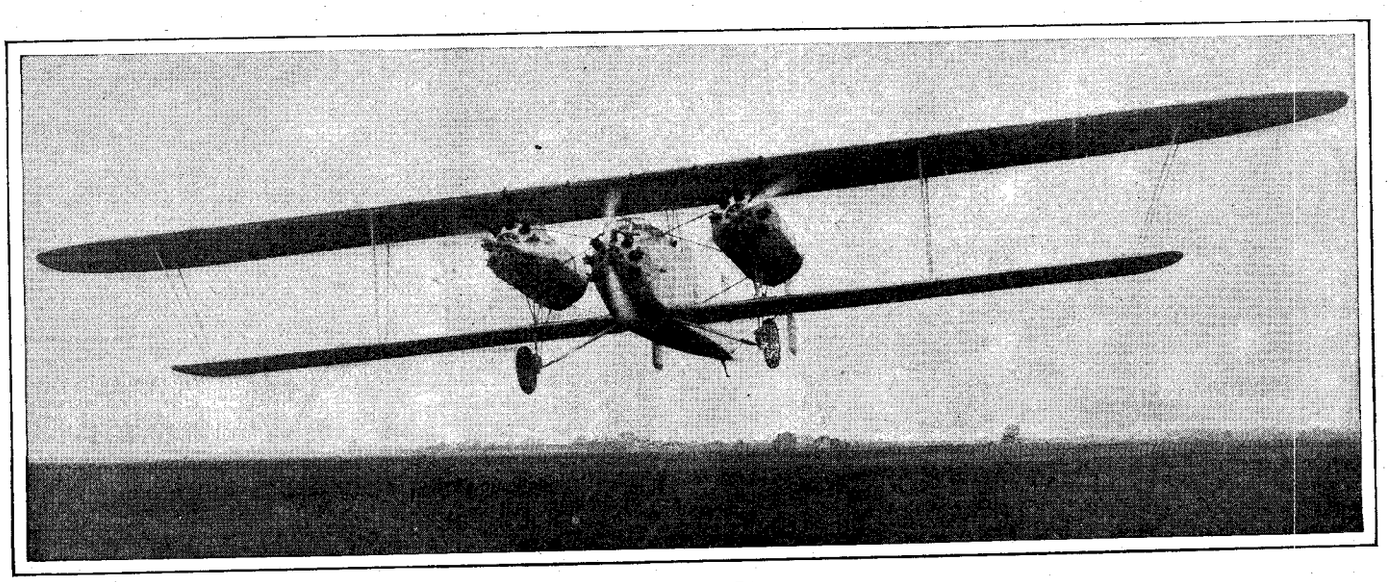
To the layman it is interesting to note that many modern astronomers are reverting toward the early position of Percival Lowell concerning Mars as the abode of life. Recent research has pretty well proved that, even if there is no animal life on Mars, there is probably something resembling vegetable life. The temperatures have even been experimentally determined with marvelously sensitive apparatus, and even by zones. The Martian nights are frigid, yet it appears that the days in the temperate zones are something like autumn days on earth. There is much less oxygen, yet there is enough to support life. The "canals"—unfortunate mistranslation of their Italian discoverer's original word "canali" (channels)—have been photographed, but their artificiality has not yet been established.

Mars, then, *may* support life; but "not proved" is still the necessary verdict of the scientist concerning this question.

Professor Russell was careful to point out that many of the stars *may* have planets which would, however, be hopelessly invisible with the greatest conceivable telescope. In fact, the probability, mathematically expressed, that many of them have these attendants is strong. But this is, of course, mere speculation.

Polo at Racing Speed

AMERICAN and International polo, the latter represented by the famous four of Lewis Lacey's from the Argentine, and by two Anglo-American teams that include four of the best players from England, is hitting a pace just now that it never before knew in all its long history. There are six teams in action at Meadow Brook as this appears, at least three of which probably could readily defeat the four that Hurlingham sent over two years ago in quest of the International Challenge (formerly the Westchester) Cup. Better mounted teams have never before fought it out for the American Open Championship



Wide World

The Sikorsky Plane

Here is the ship in which the French aviator, René Fonck, hopes to fly from New York to Paris. The giant measures 150 feet across the wings

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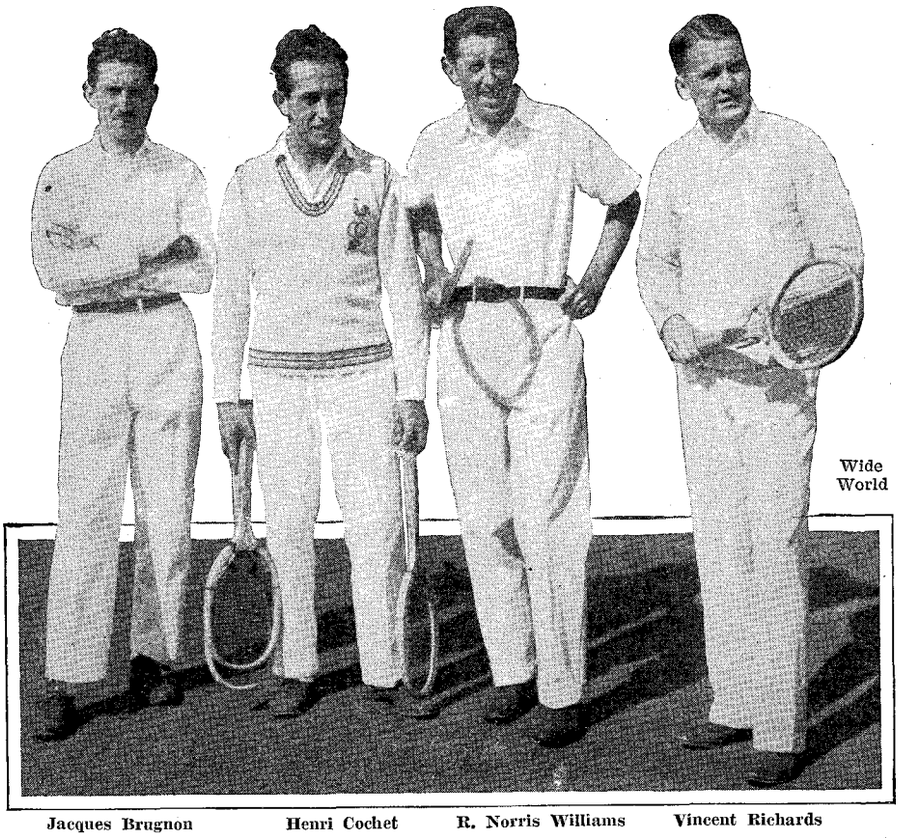

Wide World

Jacques Brugnon Henri Cochet R. Norris Williams Vincent Richards

The Davis Cup Remains in America

The Davis Cup remains in America. Here are the men who took part in the doubles for the International Trophy. In the singles William M. Johnston defeated both René Lacoste and Jean Borotra, while William T. Tilden, after defeating Borotra, fell before the racquet of René Lacoste. This defeat of Tilden's represented the sole victory of the French team in the matches

and the Monty Waterbury Memorial, the two trophies at stake this year. So strong are the strings of racehorses—for with the passing of the offside rule they are no longer ponies but actual racehorses—that there is considerable talk of rearranging the handicap system so as to include the mounts as well as the men. From the neighborhood of Buenos Aires has come a string of forty that is notably stronger and faster than the four-footed equipment of four years ago.

Our own polo players of wealth, such as Whitney, Harriman, Sanford, Frederick H. Prince, Jr., Stoddard, Webb, Hitchcock and others, have gradually built up their strings until any one of them is probably as good at least as the carefully selected international string that carried the Big Four some years ago. This has made for a game at racetrack speed, not now and then but every minute. There are enough and to spare to mount players who cannot afford their own fast horseflesh, with the result that the teams in the Open are better matched than at any time in the past. This has had its effect on the generalship, since any player is apt to get away from the pack at any time, so that the strategy is now of the most open and daring order, with racehorses, which yet have bone and bulk enough to carry the big men who are in there for their terrific hitting.

With the exception of a little handful of Englishmen who learned their game on the hard fields of India, the two Americas have outstripped the Britishers in every department of the game. Thus the Open Championship amounts this year to a championship of the world. As Jack Nelson, who brought along the Argentine four, said one day:

"Fast fields develop fast games; that is why polo progress in the two Americas has developed along parallel lines. We were playing North American polo in South America before we had seen the North American game." Through interchange of ideas the actual technique of riding and hitting has been so standardized, that the mounts are more than ever the deciding factor. The reservoirs of horse strength in polo are being refilled as fast as they are emptied, with the result that the galloping game is now the fastest, hardest hitting, and one of the most scientific in the world.

Henry Augustin Beers

THE work and influence of Henry Augustin Beers at Yale as first instructor (the older graduates speak of him to this day as "Tutor Beers") and then as professor of English literature, were marked by personal modesty and kindliness, by devotion to what is best in writing and criticism, and by eagerness to pass his appreciation to others.

Professor Beers entered the service of literature at Yale two years after his graduation in the notable class of '69. There are Yale men who were Freshmen in his first year as tutor who recall with an affectionate smile the fact that Mr. Beers was more than once taken for one of themselves, so youthful was his appearance and so gentle his demeanor. All who studied or read with him will remember also with appreciation that he was at the other extreme from that type of professor, more common forty odd years ago than now, who holds himself coldly, impersonally, and loftily apart from the undergraduates as youths to whom knowledge must be imparted and scholastic brilliance must be exhibited but otherwise as beings of a quite inferior world. Most truly an editorial writer in the New York "Times" who must have known Professor Beers, says that he was one of those rare teachers who "have proved themselves human, friendly, unpriggish; and affectionate tradition grows up about them."

In his writing Professor Beers was more anxious to aid the study and knowledge of literature than he was to "show off" or create a sensation. He was quietly humorous, and he could be witty and whimsical in phrases, but his main effort was to point out the road of sound criticism. Of his "History of English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century" an Outlook critic said that it showed "familiarity with its subject, discriminatory taste, the conscience of the scholar and the insight of the lover of literature"—words descriptive of all that he wrote, as was also the characterization of that work by another writer as "adorned with the charm of a gracious style and illuminated with the literary fruitage husbanded in years of reading." His "From Chaucer to Tennyson" and

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other special studies of periods and schools of writing have been of practical value and suggestion to teachers and readers. His lighter books of verse and sketches of college life were quietly humorous and had a charm of their own but without effort to startle or sensationalize.

Professor Beers's death at New Haven on September 7 at the age of seventy-nine ended a service of forty-six years to a university whose alumni regarded him highly as a scholar and even more highly as a friend.

Plagiarism or Absorption?

FROM Shakespeare down authors of imaginary literature have absorbed and used material already existing. Genius may and does recast and transform ideas and facts. The difference between that sort of thing and plagiarism is real, even if it is not always easy to fix the line.

The recent discussion about the similarity between passages in Theodore Dreiser's poem "The Beautiful" and his short story "Sister Carrie" and passages in one of George Ade's delightful "Fables" and in one of Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio" stories, is to the point.

Neither Mr. Ade nor Mr. Anderson is in the least indignant or aggrieved. The newspaper discoverers, instead of starting a disagreeable sensation, have brought about a pleasant interchange of friendly expressions. Mr. Ade remarks, "Most certainly I do not accuse Mr. Dreiser of plagiarism even by implication or in a spirit of pleasantry. I have a genuine admiration for him. To me he is a very large and commanding figure in American letters. While some of us have been building chicken coops or, possibly, bungalows, Mr. Dreiser has been erecting skyscrapers." Mr. Anderson's publisher states that Dreiser and Anderson are great friends and laughs at the theme of both poem and story as "trashy." Others have quoted Anderson's beautiful tribute to Dreiser: "The feet of Dreiser are making a path for us. They are trampling through the wilderness, making a path. Presently the path will be a street, with great arches overhead and delicately carved spires piercing the sky. Along the street little children will run, shouting 'look at me' —forgetting the heavy feet of Dreiser."

This seems to be more of a love feast than a quarrel. Yet let the amateur plagiarist take heed how and where he "absorbs" his material.

St. Francis and the Minister

DR. PEABODY'S tribute to Albino Muretti, which is printed in this issue, appropriately appears on the eve of the seven hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Francis of Assisi.

It was on October 3, 1226, that Sister Death whom he had praised in his Canticle of the Sun, released from the body, which he called Brother Ass, the spirit of God's Poor Little Man. Since then he has belonged to all mankind. Not even the Church which canonized him within two years of his death can claim him exclusively. No man so otherworldly was ever closer to the heart of humanity. No man who lived so devoutly for the life to come ever found more delight in the beauty of this earth. No man who was himself so pure was ever more naturally the companion and equal of sin-blotted men. Son of a cloth merchant, he was never systematically educated. That he was ordained deacon seems to have signified little. He never became a priest. Yet what man in history has done more to commend to mankind the spirit, life, teachings, and rule of his Master?

Unlike the St. Francis of old, the modern St. Francis whom Dr. Peabody describes had a theological training and became a priest. But in his ministrations that is not the significant fact. Dr. Peabody, who in 1874 became pastor of the First Parish Church of Cambridge, a Unitarian body, is a Protestant of the Protestants. Albino Muretti is a devout Roman Catholic. Dr. Peabody as Plummer Professor of Christian Morals at Harvard was for many years and continues to be a leader in the study of the social sciences. Albino Muretti, as Dr. Peabody acknowledges, is about as far removed as possible from the spirit of modern science and modern institutional practice. What signifies in ministrations of the Host of the Little House of the Divine Providence must be something that is common, or may be common, to both extremes represented by the author and his subject.

From this story that Dr. Peabody tells there rises again the question we asked a few months ago—Should a minister be educated? Comment evoked at that time leads us to think that some of our readers reached a false conclusion. We never said or hinted that a minister should not be educated. On the contrary the implication was all the other way. The real question is, How and to what end should he be educated? What is the purpose of the minister's life and work? The word "minister" comes originally from the word "minor," meaning "less," as the word "magistrate" and the word "master" come alike from the word "magnus," meaning "great." The answer is to be found in the words addressed by Christ to his disciples: "Whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister; and whosoever of you will be chiefest, shall be servant of all." Whatever leads to that end, whether it be by the Galilean lake, or on the Umbrian Plain, or on the Riviera di Ponente, or in the halls of the seminary or university, contributes to the education of the minister.

Can Mexico Grow Up?

A FAMILY with a brood of unruly backward children always is a trial to the neighbors. The temptation is constant to bring to bear the threat of the probation officer. That is about the situation as between Mexico and the foreign Powers—with the added complication that in Mexico's backyard there are valuable things which the other nations need and which their citizens have acquired rights to utilize.

The United States does not want to interfere in Mexico. That has been abundantly proved by the record of the past ten years. Some Americans and Europeans with special Mexican interests have desired to see intervention on their behalf; but many provocations have shown that American sentiment would not back up such a course unless there were the most extreme cause involving strong National feeling. President Coolidge, after conferences with Ambassador Sheffield, has announced that our present policy toward Mexico will not be changed. This shows that the Administration grasps clearly the state of feeling in the country, and that unsettled disputes over oil and land rights will continue to be handled by direct negotiation.

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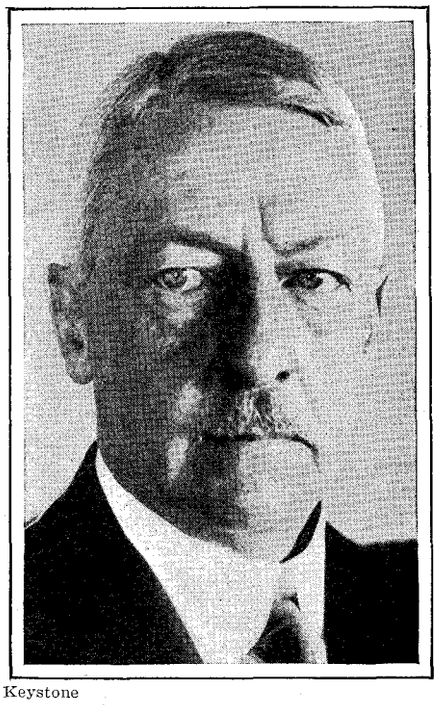
President Calles of Mexico, on his side, has made it clear in a signed statement in "Foreign Affairs" for October that his Administration proposes to pursue an unaltered course regarding the property and investment rights of foreigners and the Catholic church. He says: "What we are trying to do in Mexico is to waive the claims of individual or sectional advantage for the benefit of a common weal. Of course it is neither easy nor agreeable to develop such a policy truly and with energy in a country where privileges and what are represented as rights—frequently nothing less than immoral or unjust concessions—have been in the hands of an insignificant minority, native or alien. . . . We have wished, once for all, to organize the statutes of our constitutional laws and enforce them, justly and strictly, in order to be able to develop our national wealth, and to avert, also, perpetual misunderstandings and false interpretations of our legislation and see to it that capital invested in Mexico shall know clearly what it has a right to expect in this country."

President Calles might have touched upon some of the difficulties created by the character of the population of Mexico itself—difficulties graphically revealed in the article in this issue of The Outlook entitled "The Last Stand of the Indian." He does discuss the educational plans and agricultural program of the Mexican Government, through which it hopes to bring the illiterate and impoverished masses of its people to a better condition. But raising the millions of the Mexican Indians to the level of a twentieth century democracy must be a long task. It will call for all the courage and faith that the most enlightened leaders of Mexico can muster.

If it could be accomplished, the menace of recurrent disorder in Mexico would be removed and a tremendous market would be created. On the lowest basis of mercenary interest, the United States would be in position to gain immensely if Calles should succeed. Consider, for instance, what it would mean if the thirteen millions of Mexican peons were to begin to want shoes, better clothes, house furnishings, more farm and factory equipment—not to mention school books. Any thoughtful American must wish President Calles well in his huge and trying labor.

It goes without saying that we expect legitimate rights of Americans to be respected and protected in Mexico, and will continue to insist upon it. But the best assurance of that would be the gradual establishment in Mexico of a stable and progressive government, conscious of its international obligations and inclined to discharge them because it recognizes that Mexico has had fair and considerate treatment.



Keystone

James R. Sheffield

Be Logical, Please

THE Health Commissioner of New York City has been quoted as saying, "Five thousand restaurants in the city of New York are paying graft to inspectors in the Department of Health." Under the circumstances, the only logical course for the wet newspapers of New York to follow is to cry out for the abolition of the inspection service of the Department of Health.

The Amateur

IF any man can work out a practical rule defining the exact demarcation between the professional and the amateur athlete that person ought to be invited to become a joint member of the Council of the League of Nations, the Hague Tribunal, and the United States Supreme Court. We are certain that he would fill all these offices acceptably.

In merry England the problem of separating one class from another was once very simple. An amateur was anyone who had inherited money and social position; the professional was anyone who had to work for a living. Not long ago a sport writer was unkind enough to suggest a rule of equal simplicity for our British cousins which will probably not be welcomed with any great show of enthusiasm. The professional, this writer suggested, is any foreign athlete who beats a British amateur. There may be enough justification for this witticism to make it sting a bit, but there is not enough truth in it to help us in our search for a real definition of professionalism.

All Americans agree that there are certain easily recognizable professionals and easily recognizable amateurs. Walter Hagen, Gertrude Ederle, Suzanne Lenglen, Red Grange, are one and all professional athletes. To call them professional does not in the least imply that their ethical standards are lower or their sportsmanship poorer than that of other athletes who are classed as simon pure amateurs. There have been many golfers, shall we say, of unquestioned amateurishness who, in a moment of distress, might be tempted to kick their balls into more favorable lies—an act to which no real professional would stoop. We cannot say, therefore, that an amateur is a player of higher ethical standards than the professional.

We shall certainly not accept the old English distinction between gentlemen and—others. In fact a man who has to work for a living may have much more of the genuine amateur spirit than the man who does not. Those with the leisure to devote their life to sport have all the competitive advantage of full fledged professionalism without, at the same time, the disadvantage of being unable to compete on equal footing with other amateurs. But the distinction between the professional and amateur cannot be discovered by any hard and fast rule limiting the time which the player may devote to his or her favorite sport.

It is easy enough to classify as a professional the athlete who accepts certain forms of financial remuneration; but there are many ways in which an athlete of pre-eminent position may capitalize his skill without departing in the least from existing rules. The football hero who gets a job selling bonds, the tennis player who writes articles, the golf player who sells lawn mowers to golf clubs, each and all in varying de-

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grees are better off financially because of their skill as athletes. Attempts have been made to define the exact point where these indirect emoluments change the classification of the athlete who receives them. All these attempts have been in a measure unsuccessful and fruitful chiefly of bitter controversy. Sometimes the spirit of the rule has been sacrificed to a technicality; sometimes the technicality has been overlooked for the sake of a popular athlete.

Out of the controversy over the status of amateurs and professionals there seems to stand forth but one clear principle, and that is that the man or the woman who makes a business of sport should be put in a different group from the man or woman to whom sport is a secondary interest in life. Rule committees will doubtless continue to give form and substance to this general principle. The successful classification of our athletes, however, depends not so much upon the existence of hard and fast rules as upon a broader understanding of the spirit of fair play. There should be no stigma of any kind placed upon the man or the woman who is openly a professional. The man or the woman who can teach others to swim or run is engaged in an honorable task. The professional tennis player who provides for the onlooker an interesting and stimulating contest is certainly engaged in as useful an occupation as the actor who entertains the same public on the stage. If some of the social nonsense which we inherited from our English cousins could be removed from the discussion of the status of athletes, there might be more leading players who like Mary K. Browne would frankly and openly step across the line into the professional field. That in itself would eliminate a large proportion of our present controversy. No rule will ever be devised half so effective as an enlightened athletic conscience. The problem of the amateur and the professional is one to be settled by education rather than legislation.

The Last Stand of the Indian

This article comes to us from a responsible source. As its author is living in Mexico, he has asked us to withhold his name

THE real gist of the Mexican question is that it is the last stand of the Indian. Not that all Mexicans are Indians, but the Indian element is so overwhelmingly preponderant that what becomes of the Indian will decide what is to become of Mexico.

After four hundred years of Spanish rule and contact, about sixty per cent of the population of Mexico is still pure-blooded Indian—in racial traits closely akin to the North American Indian. Some forty per cent have in their veins an admixture of Spanish blood, which varies from the slightest trace to nearly pure-blooded Spaniards. It is assumed, however, that the forty per cent average one-eighth Spanish blood (which is probably too high), this would make, quantitatively considered, five per cent Spanish blood in Mexico and ninety-five per cent Indian blood.

This Indian element has always been an inarticulate mass of humanity, a dead weight round the necks of those Mexicans who have tried to uplift their country and the despair of all those foreigners who have tried to help them. Eighty per cent of the population have never learned to read and write, and hence have been the easily manipulated tool of any leader, good or bad. The character of this Indian population differs, naturally, as there are many, many tribes, but, generally speaking, they are humble, polite, affectionate, not so much lazy as utterly lacking in initiative—good workers if made to work, but otherwise will not work at all; like all primitive peoples, easily roused by the beating of the tom-tom or the flow of oratory, and with tremendous powers of resistance. This Indian element has taken much less part even in the revolutions that have swept over Mexico than is generally assumed. The population of Mexico is about 15,000,000, and yet at no time during all the revolutions have there ever been more than 60,000 men under arms at any given time, with all factions counted together. It is this hopeless inertia of the Indian which has been the curse of Mexico down through the centuries.

FOR four hundred years the Mexican Indian has watched the white man come and go, bringing into Mexico the culture of the land from which he came, developing mines, building railroads, establishing factories, and constructing all the woof and web of that which we call civilization; but in it all the Indian has taken no part beyond that of doing the white man's bidding. The attitude of the Indian has seldom been one of hostility, not even of passive resistance. His attitude is simply that it is all too much trouble. Where it is more trouble to resist than to adopt the civilization that is forced on him he will adopt it. The lack of education for all these four centuries has not been due to lack of opportunity, but to lack of interest. It is true that education has not been crammed down the throat of the Mexican Indian, but he has been exposed to it for quite four centuries, and it has never taken. Many of the old Spanish monks were good men and true, who spent their lives—as did Las Casas—trying to teach the Indian; but their labor went for naught, even as the labor of a paternal Government in the United States has gone for naught for over a hundred years in trying to teach the Indian there, and the Indian has wrapped his blanket about him and stalked away into the silent sunset of a dying race. Every bit of the civilization which is in Mexico to-day has been the work either of out-and-out foreigners or of the Spanish blood which flows in the veins of the Mexican.

The inevitable result of this has been that, as the foreigner was the creator of this wealth, he is to-day the owner of it. On the basis of assessable valuation, at least three-fourths of the taxable wealth of Mexico to-day is owned by foreigners, who likewise pay more than three-fourths of the taxes; and consequently the Government is supported and enabled to maintain itself in power only by means of the taxes which are paid by the foreigner. One must have a great deal of sympathy for the Mexican view-point and realize that to a Mexican this situation must be very galling and inevitably breed resentment against the foreigner who, economically speaking, owns Mexico. When the recent Mexican Congress sat in session and passed laws regulating the rights of foreigners to hold and acquire property in Mexico, few of them actually realized that three-fourths of their salaries as Congressmen were being paid by taxes on the foreigners whose economic fate they were deciding.

From the Mexican view-point this situation is undoubtedly very regretta-

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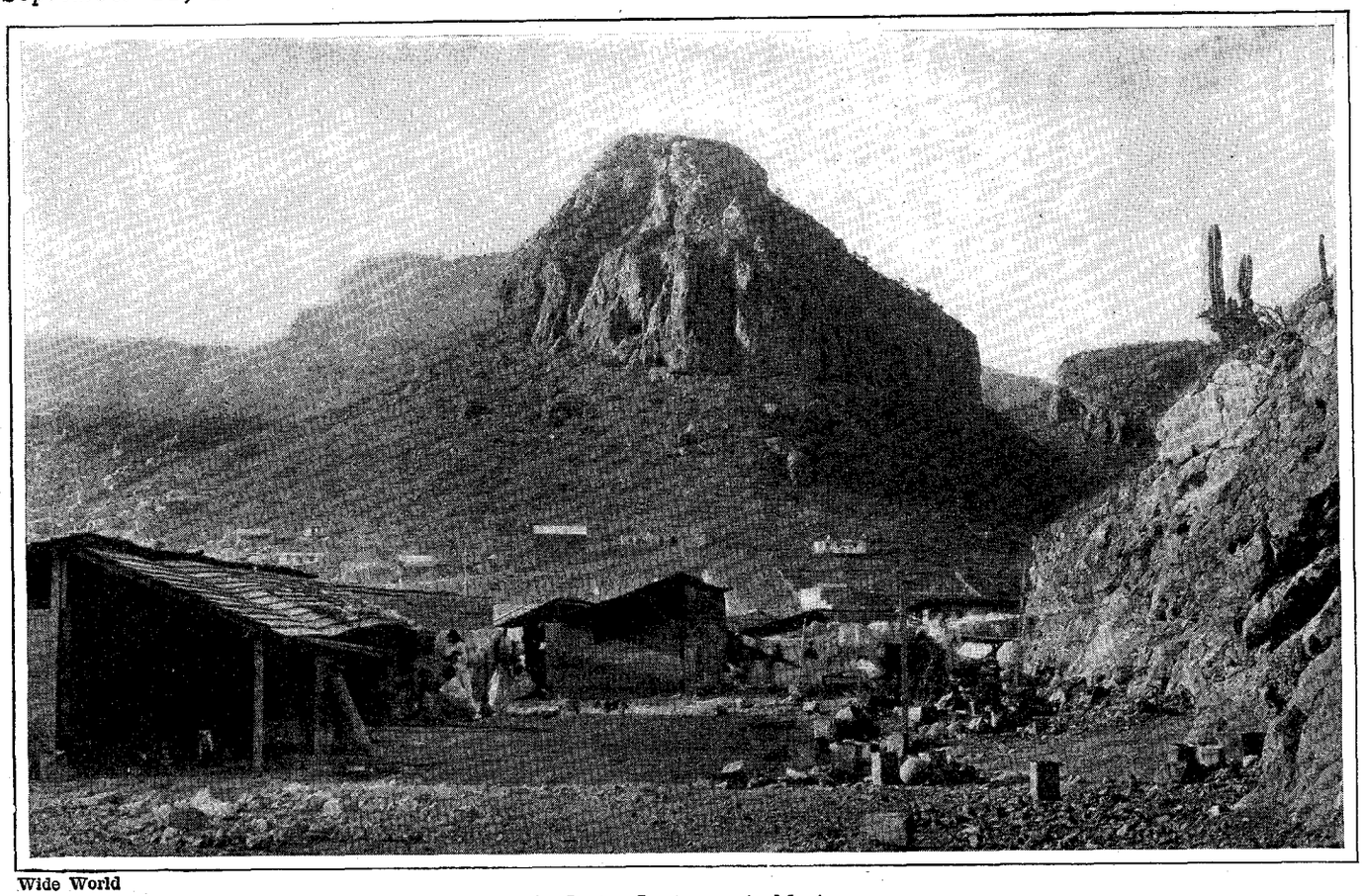

Wide World

An Indian Settlement in Mexico

ble; but whose fault is it? It is the result of the continuous apathy and lack of energy of the Indian during the four centuries that he has been in contact with Occidental civilization. Over one hundred years ago Humboldt, after visiting that country, likened Mexico to a beggar sitting on a sack of gold. For the century since his visit Mexico has continued to sit on the sack; with this difference, however, that during those hundred years the foreigners have entered Mexico in larger numbers. They have bargained with the Mexican for the right to develop the country, to translate the dead material contents of the sack into the satisfaction of live human wants, and in a perfectly legitimate way have acquired legal and just rights to three-fourths of the developed wealth of the sack; and the Mexican's only claim to decide what shall be done with the entire sack is based on the fact that he sat on it first.

From a stockholder's standpoint, the Mexican does not own a majority interest in Mexico. He is a minority stockholder. He has bartered away his majority rights, just as the North American Indian often bartered away his rights to great potential wealth, turning it over to those who could and did develop it.

The greatest development of Mexico took place during the government of Don Porfirio Diaz, when foreign capital was not only permitted to come into Mexico, but invited to come in and invest in mines, railroads, factories, and everything that would make Mexico a modern nation. For practically three decades foreigners came in, put their capital and their energy into the development of the country, and made money for themselves and their Mexican associates, and the country prospered and they were welcome.

It is only in the last few years that the movement of "Mexico for Mexicans" has taken place and the concerted effort to push the foreigner out of Mexico has been manifest. And the foreigner who is being thus pushed out asks himself, Whence comes this change in atmosphere, this cold wind which is blowing up from a new quarter?

THIS new wind which has sprung up is the flowing together of several currents in world affairs which have moved toward a common goal. One of them (and the principal one) is that wave of Socialism which has swept over the entire world like a vast ground swell and which broke most violently in Russia, where it met the highest peaks of resistance, and ebbed out most peacefully in the United States through the channels of freedom of speech and thought. Apparently, humanity as a whole makes progress only by building up peaks in its social structure and then leveling them off in order to raise the common base. The two countries in the world where the highest and slenderest peaks were raised were Russia and Mexico. In both countries about eighty per cent of the population could not read or write. In neither country was there any substantial middle class between the highest and the lowest to serve, as it were, as a safe ascent for those who go up the social scale and break the fall of those who must come down. Economic and social conditions in the two countries were remarkably alike. Otherwise there was nothing in common, and is not to-day. However, the iron hand of despotism both in Russia and Mexico promptly crushed or exiled those turbulent spirits who wished to break up the existing social order. Those who were exiled either voluntarily or involuntarily found a common refuge and meeting-place in the two oldest republics of the world, the United States and France.

In certain social clubs down in Greenwich Village, in New York, young Russian Communists like Trotsky foregathered with young Mexican agitators. In the offices of "Big Bill" Haywood, the I. W. W. headquarters in Chicago, Russian Communists and Mexican agitators were equally welcome. All three had declared war on the same enemies—viz., government, clergy, and capital. Russian Communist literature was translated into Spanish in these offices and disseminated throughout the copper-mining camps of Arizona and Sonora, the southwest corner of the United States and the

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northwest corner of Mexico. When the United States finally became too hot for "Big Bill" Haywood, he went to Russia and died there.

"Parlor Socialism," later known as "parlor Bolshevism," was then much in vogue among certain intellectuals of New England, and they often took part (more or less as an intellectual dissipation) in these meetings of agitators. Two of these who became rather deeply involved in Russia and in Mexico were John Reed, a young journalist, a Harvard graduate, and his wife, Alma Reed. They were with Carranza as newspaper correspondents for a considerable period and exercised considerable influence over the coterie which surrounded him in those days and who were the real authors of the Mexican Constitution of 1917. Later on they both went to Russia. John was appointed the first Bolshevik Consul-General from Soviet Russia to New York and attempted to come home in that official capacity during the war. He was, however, interned on landing, later went to Russia, died there, and at one time there was a rough monument to his memory in the public square in Moscow. After his death his wife, Alma, came back to Mexico and became engaged to Filipe Carrillo Puerto, the leader of the Communists in Yucatan, who was killed two years ago in the De la Huerta revolution and to whom monuments are now being erected in Mexico, as the idol of the proletariat.

In France much the same thing was happening. There, however, the revolution in Mexico got its real start in the person of Don Francisco I. Madero, a young scion of a wealthy Mexican family in northern Mexico, who was sent to Paris to study. He became an enthusiastic "parlor Socialist" at first, later a real Socialist. He espoused to the uttermost the theories of Karl Marx, whose works he read in French, and came back to Mexico and started the "Madero revolution," with results which are known to the world.

THIS revolution met with a tremendous sympathy in the United States, because it was not realized that the pendulum would swing just as far in the other direction and that the revolution had as its aim the destruction, not only of the existing Government in Mexico, but ultimately both the clergy and capital. In Mexico an anti-capitalistic movement necessarily becomes an anti-foreign movement, because all the capital there is in the country is foreign. All the labor is Mexican, and any clash between labor and capital immediately assumes an international aspect and patriotism is invoked on the side of labor against the foreign capitalists. As all the Governments in Mexico since the revolutions have started have ridden into power on the platform of the protection and advancement of the rights of the proletariat as against capital, and as all capital is foreign, it is easy to enlist the sympathies of the Government on the side of labor. In fact, their support is pledged in advance.

In the same manner the diplomatic

Keystone

Travelers Along the Path of Civilization

representatives of all foreign Powers in Mexico City are placed in a peculiar position, because the only rights they are ever called upon to protect are the rights of capital as against labor, because those are all the rights of their nationals which there are in the country. The Government of Mexico, which is a labor Government, has appreciated this fact, and it is quite natural that it should attempt to establish rather closer relationships with the labor movement in the United States than with the United States Government, as they naturally feel that the labor party in the United States is closely akin to them, whereas the Government of the United States, through its diplomatic representatives, while representing both capital and labor, is forced by the peculiar exigencies of the case to make all its representations on behalf of capital, because there are no other American interests in Mexico. Likewise the Mexican Ambassador in Washington must make all his representations in the United States on behalf of labor, because there are half a million Mexican laborers in the United States, but no Mexican capital.

The situation is further complicated by the fact that no capital interests were represented in the framing of the Constitution of 1917, and no provision was made in that document for the protection of capital as against labor. There was no need of it. There was no Mexican capital to be protected. The framers of the Constitution and their advisers were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of class struggle, of the fight between labor and capital, the poor against the rich, and the proletariat against the aristocrat. The acrimony of this struggle, which is ever present in all countries, is intensified in Mexico by not only racial antagonism but by that vague feeling of resentment and discontent which has been stirred up in the ignorant Indian mind by the smooth-tongued foreign agitator.

PRESIDENT CALLES has recently made statements which correctly reflect the trend of affairs in Mexico to-day. One is the belief that the great bulk of the ignorant, inert mass of the Indian population of the country who form the working classes can raise themselves up into a strong nation of good citizens, and the other is the idea that the economic preponderance of foreign holdings and wealth in the country must be changed into a Mexican preponderance. With both these ideals one must have all sympathy, but those who have lived years and years in Mexico and have the good of the Mexican people really at heart do not believe that the great bulk of the Indian population can, unaided, raise themselves above their present level. In fact, it is doubtful whether they will ever travel along the path of civilization any farther than they are actually pushed by others.

With regard to changing the preponderance of foreign property into Mexican preponderance, this cannot be done quickly without destroying much of the wealth which has been justly created, for there is not in Mexico sufficient wealth to buy this property. The one-fourth cannot buy the three-fourths. This condition, regrettable as it may be from the Mexican view-point, has been the gradual growth of centuries, and there is no rapid way of changing it without infringing upon the right of private property, upon which our civilization thus far has been erected.

There is only one righteous way in which Mexico can attain that economic independence ardently desired by the President and achieve the salvation of Mexicans as a people, and that is to make the individual Mexican as good, as strong, and as learned a man as the foreigner in his midst.

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A nation is never any stronger than the individuals which compose it. If Mexicans can be trained as individuals to measure up to the physical, mental, and spiritual strength of the nations with whom they must compete, they will see to it themselves that the proper share of this world's goods passes into their hands. Along this line any and all of the enlightened nations of the earth will gladly pass Mexico a helping hand, but they cannot acquiesce in any attempt of Mexico to arbitrarily take from foreigners duly and legally acquired property without just compensation and in accordance with that justice on which international law is founded.

Moreover, merely taking the property away from the present owners and bestowing it upon the Indian will not make a great nation of Mexico, or even add to its material wealth. The Indian must be spiritually and morally reborn. He must become a new race which can reach for eagerly and absorb that civilization which is encroaching upon him from all sides, or he must join his brethren the North American Indians on the lonely trail that leads down the western slope into the dim valleys of the "Vanishing Race." Which will he choose? It is the last stand of the Indian.

Murder by Motor

Appalling Record Revealed in a Study of Connecticut Automobile Accidents

By DON C. SEITZ

WHAT can be done to protect human life and limb from the steadily rising results of automobile accidents in America? The problem seems so far to be beyond human skill. Two years ago a conference on motor traffic was held at Yale University, New Haven, which inaugurated a system of study with the view to remedial measures. A second report has been issued from the Yale Press, covering 1924 and 1925, compiled by Richard Shelton Kirby. The results are startling as to the evils, the conclusions arrived at impotent. Speed madness rules the country, congests the streets, costs more than 20,000 lives per annum in the United States, to say nothing of countless injuries and waste of property. It is no exaggeration to say that the evils and extravagances involved make the acts of the Demon Rum look small, even when compiled for the Anti-Saloon League Almanac.

In Connecticut, where 249,458 autos were licensed in 1925, it is revealed, the fruits of science and sanitation are destroyed with tragic increments by the automobile. For example, in 1910 diphtheria killed eight times as many persons as automobiles did. In 1925 automobiles killed 354, three times as many as died from diphtheria. The scourge of typhoid fever in 1910 killed five times as many persons as automobiles. In 1925 the devil wagons killed nine times as many as the dreaded fever. Moreover, "there are about thirty thousand children born into Connecticut homes each year. At the present rate of killing and maiming, at least one in one hundred will sooner or later be killed by an automobile and at least one in four (or one in each family) will be injured." This appalling prospect is steadily amplifying instead of decreasing. The Connecticut death rate from automobile accidents is nearly eight times as great as it was fifteen years ago. More than thirty per cent of the State's deaths from accidents in 1925 were due to motor-machine mishaps, a proportion nine times greater than it was in 1910. In this State, a great highway to the rest of New England, the proportion of auto deaths to other accidental fatalities averages fifty per cent greater than anywhere else in the United States.

In the years from 1918 to 1926 the number of Connecticut accidents increased fourfold, the total exceeding 92,000 in number, with a resulting property loss that seems incredible. In 1925 alone this was reckoned at $2,130,000, twenty times that caused by forest fires in the State and about one-third of the insured fire loss. With an average value of $1,000, it will be seen that this represents the worth of more than 2,000 cars.

The accident rate is outfooting the increase in machines; while what may be called auto-density has increased two and one-half times since 1918, the mishaps have waxed four times as many as in that year. The statistics gathered by the survey show that school-children under ten and persons past middle life furnish most of the victims. Of the total killed, one-third were children and young people under twenty; nearly one-fifth were children under ten.

The accidents seem to be fairly distributed over the State, despite the tremendous tide of travel that flows over the Boston Post Road. Milford, between Bridgeport and New Haven, showed the highest percentage—28.1 to the 1,000. Shelton was the lowest, with 7.4 per 1,000.

Where and how do the accidents mostly occur? The report says about four-tenths happen at street intersections and six-tenths on the open road—plainly the result of reckless driving, "cutting out" and like practices causing collisions. Compared with the trolley or railroad, the automobile is a jumping Juggernaut. It strikes a pedestrian in one accident out of every six, the trolley or train one in twenty. This is readily understood when the pervasive character of the auto is considered. Children number half of the pedestrians struck.

As to responsibility, in six out of ten smashes the car was operated by the owner, in two by the owner's chauffeur, and in two by the owner's "friend." These proportions have remained unchanged for three years. There is evident merit in a trained chauffeur as against the casual owner who "drives" his car and is all too commonly seized with speed madness when he lays hands on the steering gear.

The percentage of accidents is amazingly large. In 1924 one private car in seven (128 per 1,000) was involved. In 1925 there was an improvement, the number lessening to one in eight.

Jitneys and busses make a worse showing than private cars, probably because of more constant operation. Three out of four meet with a crash of some sort in the course of a year.

Tourists furnished but 2,217 accidents out of 22,500 in 1925, involving 38,000 cars. So Connecticut is doing most of its own killing, though in half the accidents occurring the incident took place in other towns than that whence the vehicle hailed.

Mishaps due to carelessness increased twelve and one-half per cent in 1925

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over 1924. "Inattention" was the cause of twenty-five per cent of the whole ghastly record. Carelessness has been increasing at a rapidly rising rate since 1923, despite all efforts to make machines fool proof and improved regulation of traffic. Failure to observe right of way was responsible for about one-fourth of the trouble, "skidding" one-eighth, wrong side of the road one-twelfth. Fast driving is accountable for the largest toll. It is interesting to learn that but one accident in sixty or seventy is due to intoxication. The luck of drunkards or the efficacy of the Volstead Act may explain this curious circumstance, according to the point of view.

To recur to the child problem, fifty out of one hundred of those killed or injured through their own fault were carelessly crossing the street; thirty stepped out from behind some object; five were coasting; and the rest playing in the highway. The number struck rose from 1,554 in 1924 to 1,707 in 1925. Bicycles and animals are held responsible for about one-sixth of the accidents. Unknown drivers, along with motormen, are credited with one-quarter of the collisions, though the motormen —probably because of decrease in trolleys—are lessening in the figures gathered.

The greater proportion of accidents is credited to drivers under twenty, with those under thirty next in order. Age seems to bring caution or fewer drivers.

Accidents due to defective highways, it is pleasant to learn, have become almost negligible. The State suspended around 8,500 drivers' licenses in 1925. The courts seem to be pretty lenient with offenders beyond stiffening the sentences of drunken drivers. Town prosecutors "nolled" one-quarter of the total cases in 1925. This is a special feature of Connecticut justice, much appreciated by the heedless, the town prosecutor having full power to act, for justice or other reasons that make mercy meritorious in the State. The judges are also kind-hearted, it would appear, suspending jail sentences to the extent of 7,837 days in the year. There is no speed limit in Connecticut, but "speeding" is subject to punishment under a law that went into effect July 1, 1925. Jail sentences served were 5,057 days. Some $255,000 was collected in fines. With such a legal situation no wonder the report observes, "There have been but few encouraging features to record." It adds: "The situation will improve just as soon as sufficient right-minded people in each community apply themselves intently to their local problem of accident prevention." The report holds out no hope from legal remedies, concluding: "Motor accidents will be almost a thing of the past when each individual who uses the highway is not content to simply obey the law in letter and spirit, but habitually regards the rights of others more than his own convenience."

Since the average American's idea of liberty is to do as he pleases to some one else, the hope expressed is more than distantly utopian.

Reed and the Rubric

A College of the Vigorous Northwest which Has the Courage of Its Individual Convictions

By GEORGE MARVIN

LINCOLNIAN to his boots—and including his boots. That's Coleman, of Reed College, out here in the fragrant, climate-blessed Northwest. He looks cut out of spruce lumber—and he is. The Japanese, with their acute symbolism, create bright and convincing similes which engrave themselves on memory. Of genuineness in character they aptly say, "Sincere as is the pine tree on the sky." The Northwest is a man's country, covered still, after the wastage of lumber companies and forest fires, with myriad heaven-pointing spires of pine and fir, spruce and hemlock and cedar, with the cathedral redwoods soaring in big naves and transepts over them all. "Only God can make a tree," Joyce Kilmer wrote just before he died in a far country. And only God can make a man. Big men are like big trees.

Coleman didn't make Reed College, but he represents it faithfully. On the other side of the continent it is and it means to be, as Dartmouth intends and is, "a small college;" small in size, but great in hope and courage. With remarkable fitness, it seemed, on the very day this article was born in Portland President Hopkins, of Dartmouth, met and shook hands with President Coleman in complete agreement on their common and uncommon ideals in education. Two unstandardized institutions face to face, opposed to quantity production of human material, dedicated to the enrichment of life, inspired not by "selling" but by giving. Some one said the other day, emerging from an inundation of figures in a quantity-producing institution of learning, that such universities put him in mind of the shredded-wheat industry, which proudly asserts in its advertising that the product from the time of its entry as raw material to its exit as merchandise is "never touched by human hands." Reed College, steered by President Coleman, proceeds on the opposite hypothesis.

The tree idea is a good deal more than a happy simile; it is a fact and a guiding principle, an unavoidable association. Coleman got his fill of factory methods. He is a baccalaureus of Toronto, an M.A. of Harvard. He has had an academic career teaching English at Spokane, at Whitman College, and as head of the English Department during eight earlier years here at Reed. What stamped him, though, were the five years spent, between 1920 and 1925, as President of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen. Sixty-five per cent of the industry of Oregon is trees. About the same percentage holds good of the entire Northwest, overlapping the California line to the south and reaching far north across the Canadian border of British Columbia. The "Loggers" kill the trees and the "Lumbermen" transport them and saw and plane them into flooring and ceiling, "commons" or "rustics," door-jambs, window-casings, moldings, and lath. But, with identical interests and habits, these related tree-men got along not so well together until the big-tree Coleman came along and made their Legion actually Loyal. From governing his republic of evergreens, and imbued with knowledge of what it takes to make both trees and men, the president of the lumberjacks came on June 1, 1925, to be President of an institution which embodied in its scheme many of his own

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The Administrative and Academic Buildings at Reed College

arboreal ideals. The majority lumbering interest of the entire Northwest goes with him and backs him in his related job.

Reed College, therefore, small as it is in material size, is in another dimension as big as the big Northwest. And it is exceedingly different. We have become so accustomed to the standardized institution of learning, with its social life subdivided into fraternities and clubs, its recreation commercialized into the preparation for and the occasional presentation of mammoth spectacles for the general public, and its academic function either a series of unrelated vocational specializations or a scramble of elective superficialities—we have become so used to the quantity-production, heavily endowed, big-business idea of the university that Reed seems an educational anomaly. Like a woman with the courage to wear her own hair and her own figure irrespective of what the Joneses or "they" are wearing and being, Reed College has the courage to be an independent community devoted to good will, original thought, and responsible citizenship. Rather a mouthful of a phrase that is, but, reduced to its simplest terms, it means merely *a liberal education.* Non-sectarian by its deed of gift in 1904 from the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Simeon G. Reed, of Portland, it is founded on the undenominational rock of the New Testament and built primarily so that the youth of the Northwest may have life more abundantly. It mistakes not bigness for greatness. In its philosophy of the abundant life it believes not in the manufacture of specialists, but in the making of men and women. And, in the words of its first President, it believes in the pursuance of its mission "without fear or favor of politicians, or religious sects, or benefactors, or public cries, or its own administrative machinery."

First of all, then, in its cardinal aim Reed is different. Splendidly free from harassing traditions, yet profiting by the richer experiences of older institutions, it sets out to study the peculiar needs of Portland and the Northwest—as the dead millionaire and his widow, who had found in this region that they loved so well both life and fortune abundantly, expressly intended it should do—and to serve those needs to its uttermost. The Northwest, so full of vigorous physical life, needs life in other respects more abundantly. In some ways they are barking up the wrong tree of progress in this neck of the magnificent woods. Institutions of the Reed sort, thought and intentions of the kind that founded and now support Reed College, are needed in the Northwest. In the College "Bulletin" it is recorded that, although Reed looks to the future oftener than to the past, the general aims of the institution "were well formulated nearly a century ago by Thomas Jefferson in stating the purposes of the University of Virginia." The quoted passages are a comforting reassurance of the latent unity and integrity of American institutions over a century of unexampled growth:

> (1) To form the statesmen, legislators, and judges, *on whom public prosperity and individual happiness are so much to depend;*
>
> (2) To expound the principles and structure of government, *the laws which regulate the intercourse of nations,* . . . and a sound spirit of legislation which, banishing all unnecessary restraint on individual action, *shall leave us free to do whatever does not violate the equal rights of another;*
>
> (4) To develop the reasoning faculties of our youth; . . .
>
> (6) And, generally, to form them to habits of reflection, and correct action, rendering them *examples of virtue* [Jefferson used the word in the older sense of integrity] *to others, and of happiness within themselves.*

Radically following out the central idea in the aims of the College, Reed is organized on the antithesis of the shredded-wheat principle. Its small community of 350 members affords intimate daily contacts between students and their instructors. The "product" is emphatically "touched by human hands." In civilian terms, its marching orders are remindful of the régime at West Point—"Every cadet every day." Every Reed student receives the personal attention of the best instructors on the staff—a relationship which is the very educational antipodes of the mob psychology in a quantity-producing California university where the exhausted lecturer leaves the platform after addressing seven hundred indistinguishable and restless youths saying: "I have not taught anything; I cannot reach them this way." Three hundred students and thirty members of the Faculty make up the Reed community, one Faculty member for every ten students. No fraternities or sororities break up this community into little centripetal groups of mutually exclusive

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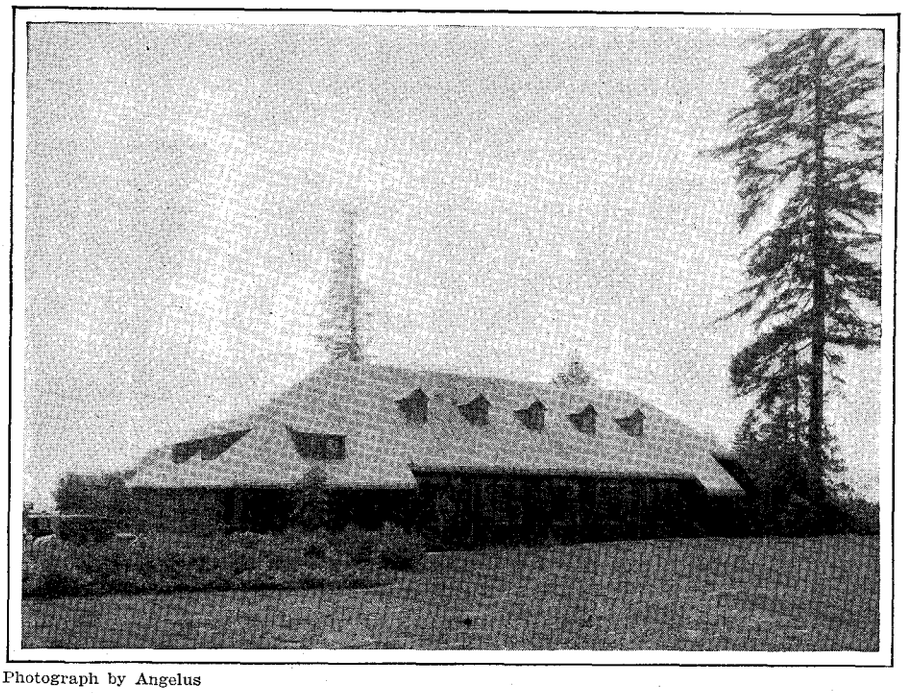
households. The College is one big family fraternity, working together, playing together, living together. Instead of campaigning in two camps, divided physically and academically from each other, students and professors here find the usual and traditional barriers broken down, and the freer relationship helps a freer flow of ideas; the educational process goes on all the time by association in and out of classrooms.

A natural, indeed a necessary, corollary of this communal theory and practice is a teaching force of the very highest character and ability obtainable. Sir Richard Lovelace was right about a prison, but neither do stone walls a college make. Reed invests more than two-thirds of the income from its $3,000,000 endowment in brains rather than in bricks. It pays the highest price for brains of the teaching kind—high enough to hold them safe from the bribing emissaries of the shredded-wheat institutions that make a bigger noise in the world. Compared with such collections of colleges, the administrative overhead is the lowest in the country. Highly endowed opportunities for research are not a factor in the employment of the teaching staff. The College expressly desires only teachers *who are primarily teachers;* such independent investigations as they choose to make in their favorite fields are understood to be "chiefly for the invigoration of their teaching." Research work of this constantly available character, together with the opportunities for high service in what the General Education Board regarded fifteen years ago as "the best unoccupied spot in the United States for a College of Liberal Arts and Sciences," helps to define, in the eyes of the trustees, a Faculty worthy of the highest grade of salaries in the teaching profession. If their tribe increases—and there are signs unmistakable of its increase here and there over the country—a profession coming at last into its rightful rating may change the famous Shavian diatribe against it in some such just paraphrase as this:

He who can, teaches;
He who cannot, sells something.[1]

Such leaders of thought are first men, and then scholars; they teach, not negatively, but for the love of teaching, with a pride in it which is made up alike of professional and human elements. Reed College proposes and intends never to permit a growth beyond the possibility of daily vital contacts between each student and inspiring teachers of this type.

[1] "He who can, does; he who cannot, teaches."—Bernard Shaw.



Photograph by Angelus

The "Commons" at Reed College

Here the students eat their meals together, here they hold their social gatherings, and here at night, in an informal group gathered round an open fireplace, they have their Forum

An outgrowth of this relationship, made possible by the community life and interests of the teaching staff and the students, is found in the character of the instruction which aims to corelate and interrelate all subjects into an understood whole. History and English, for example, do not pull on opposite ends of the curricular rope; they dovetail into each other in the making of an educational structure the primary force of which shall be its daily usefulness. Examinations are almost entirely oral tests of the condition of a student's mind; they are not written inventories of warehoused information. One of President Coleman's former colleagues in another institution, enthralled by the song of a hidden bird, asked a passing student what manner of bird it might be. The reply was characteristic of capsule-form, quantity-distributed educational method. "I took biology *last* year," said the boy in an injured tone, as though the question was unsportsmanlike. English as Coleman, the lumberman, found it in big institutions of learning was a Sabbatical thing, not for daily colloquial use nor for the careless enrichment of daily experience.

At a well-known and heavily endowed education factory visited earlier in this itinerary the investigations of The Outlook's representative lasted over the nooning hour. A hospitable President very kindly provided nourishment without interrupting his monologue. His method of doing so was more characteristic of the institution and his own state of mind regarding it than, possibly, he dreamed. He did not invite the visitor to luncheon. To use his own phrase, he *put him through lunch!* The phraseology was proved exact. In a burnished cafeteria, hospitalized to the last degree, the scientific ingredients of a balanced ration were assembled by trained nurses and orderlies, much as a Ford car is assembled by Henry's mechanics, and delivered into the visitor in record time. At other burnished tables several hundred students of the education factory were at the same time putting themselves through lunch. The roar and clatter incident to the assembling of the rations on and off of trays and the expeditious rounding up of the débris compelled the President to shift his monologue into high gear in order to be heard across the antiseptic table. This he did the more gladly because of his pride in the obvious efficiency with which his personnel was being "put through" their filling station in a minimum of time and with a modicum of expense.

Reed perpetuates the old-fashioned custom of dining. The commons hall at meal-time is an inviting interior of well-laid tables where groups of students forget for a time their preoccupations in the enjoyment of one of the most time-honored amenities of life. Vases of white trillium—"wake-robins," one girl called them—laughed in the center of each table; Oregon sunshine streamed through high latticed windows; the breath of fir and spruce forests drifted through the

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room. And the visitor, realizing another difference at Reed, humbly thanked God. In this same high-raftered hall the College social gatherings are held: concerts, lectures, teas, banquets, and regularly recurring dances. And here on Friday nights round an open log-fire meets the Forum, composed voluntarily of all the fraternity who care to come for informal discussion among themselves or to listen with equal informality to spell-binders or bringers of good tidings from outside.

A Student Council of nine members, elected annually by the suffrages of the entire community, presides over the common weal much in the same manner, though less drastically, as the Honor Committee functions at Virginia. The daily chapel exercises at noon are conducted by the students themselves, members of the Faculty, or invited guests. Their radical character may be judged by a recent occasion when a girl chose as the basis for her service the reading of passages from Anatole France's "Revolt of the Angels," her sincerity enabling her to express her own sense of revolt without irreverence. Athletics are carried on joyously for their own abundant sakes without grand stands or stadiums, without a "gate," without business managers or business of any kind. Incredible as it may seem, sport and business are held to be incompatible terms, representing inconsistent states of mind. Reed *plays*—no publicity, no professionalism, no paid coaches, no keeping-up-with-the-Joneses, which fill many thousands of the seats at the great intercollegiate spectacles East and West. And, by the same token, no intercollegiate athletics. Football, baseball, basket-ball, tennis, golf, hockey, and track sports are entirely intramural games and contests. Reed, the whole community of Faculty and students, by classes and by "houses," gets a lot of perennial fun out of them. If the academic college régime is like that at West Point, in sport Reed has a common ground with the Naval Academy in insisting upon "athletics for all." In June this year an eight-oared crew beat the Washington freshmen in an informal race, paying all their own insignificant expenses and regarding the occasion as a picnic rather than a precedent.

Pine trees stand up lone and high on the new-cut grass of Reed's young campus, and the wind in their tops sings true of sincerity—the character of the place, the object of its existence.

"Only God can make a tree."

A Modern St. Francis

The Host of the Little House of the Divine Providence

By Francis Greenwood Peabody

THE tourist along the Riviera between Nice and Genoa is likely to be so captivated by the loveliness of land and sea which lies before his face that he may be unaware of the extraordinary picturesqueness hidden away among the precipitous hills which protect this favored coast. He whirls along the shore in his snorting car, snatching a hasty glimpse of headlands and bays, and reckoning contentment by kilometers; or he lounges on the terrace of a vast hotel, saturated with sunshine and reading with self-indulgent satisfaction of wintry storms in the north. If he be tempted to further reflections on this environment, it is enough for him to recall the prolonged and tragic history of these shores. Ligurian tribes and Greek colonists, Roman armies and Saracen pirates, have passed to and fro and left the marks of their migrations. Here ran the great Roman road, defying in its course the heights and gorges and giving to the legions of Cæsar unhindered passage across the rugged hills to the smiling fields of Provence. Here, when Roman power failed, barbaric marauders from the north and audacious Saracens from the south swept like plagues over the sunny shores and desolated the prosperous towns. The softness of climate and gentleness of nature which have made the region a modern paradise for idlers and invalids tempted these armed invaders from less-favored regions; and along the shore, where now a continuous chain of hotels stands guard and demands ample ransom from invaders, in earlier centuries the townsfolk were at the mercy of corsairs and despots and trembled before the march of armies and the demands of brigands.

SUCH were the tragic vicissitudes which once made this coast as perilous for occupation as it is now beneficent, and which drove the inhabitants back from the shore to the more easily defended heights which lay hidden in the hinterland. Here are the astonishing rock villages, which hurried or indolent tourists may fail to see, but which add another feature of dramatic interest to this romantic region. The highlands, which rise precipitously from the shore and give it the shelter which has made it so famous a resort, are in themselves of the most extraordinary character. A series of deep-cut canyons has been made by mountain torrents, and where the resisting rock intervenes the foothills rise in detached and towering pyramids, accessible only by winding mule-tracks and impenetrable as fastnesses. On these arid summits the refugees from marauders watched like eagles from their eyrie for the coming of their foes, and the bare rocks which were their only possession became at once their houses and their weapons. With infinite pains they burrowed into them or piled them up for dwellings, and the boulders were ready to be dashed on an approaching enemy. Indeed, as one comes in sight of one of these rock pinnacles, towering above a smiling valley, it seems not unlikely that the entire town may topple from its perch and crush the traveler a thousand feet below.

Many aspects of these rock villages invite the traveler to exploration: the sheer surprise with which their picturesqueness breaks upon the view; the vestiges of Roman remains and early Christian worship; the sturdy cheerfulness which prevails where life might seem unendurable, as though chestnuts and olives were sufficient nourishment for workingmen and the daily trudge up the precipitous slope from the single well only made the daughters of the village more erect and gay. Here also survive the poetic traditions of Catholic piety, which may shrivel into myths when touched by the modern spirit, but which thrive among childlike peasants in an environment unchanged for a thousand years. Nowhere but among such conditions of secluded mediævalism could the traveler still be reverently told how the Madonna's picture, being set up in a village, became possessed by the mountaineering instinct and moved of

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itself to a more commanding point of view, where at last another church had to be built on a solitary summit to detain the nomadic painting in its chosen shrine.

One expects, therefore, to find in these unspoiled fastnesses the simplicity of an earlier faith, and even if one come upon a work which has some suggestion of modern philanthropy in it, it is likely to be quite detached from the modern spirit, lacking everything which science might dictate, but beautiful as poetry and piety. This sympathy with romantic mediævalism must possess one's mind as he climbs the steep track to the little hamlet of Verrezzo, above which, as if poised in air, hangs a white chapel, and by its side, as its modest daughter, the "Little House of the Divine Providence" (*La piccola casa della Divina Providenzza*).

THE story of this venture of faith is like a tale told of another planet. Albino Muretti was born in Lucca, and trained for the priesthood there and in Rome. From early boyhood he was so moved to works of compassion that his mother had to rebuke him for the vice of giving away all his possessions. The call to human service seemed at first to dictate a foreign-mission field, but soon directed his attention to the special needs of boys, and, after a brief pastorate in Lucca, he procured an assignment at an asylum for abandoned boys in Como, and later at a small home in Switzerland. Institutional work, however, failed to satisfy his eager mind. The commercial complications concerning residence, payment of fees, and calculation of profits repelled him, and the normal product of such work seemed to him dehumanized, and even despiritualized. Don Albino has probably never heard of Jacob Riis, of New York, but he would welcome the classic saying of that reformer: "Institution boys make the worst apprentices. They are saved from becoming toughs by becoming automatons." The dream of Don Albino was of a wholly unworldly, unremunerated, and uncalculating service; trusting not to human wisdom but to the Divine Providence for direction and support. He would accept all boys who might be committed to him; he would ask no pledge or terms from them or their parents; they should depart as freely as they came. There should be no compensation, no endowment, no provision for the next day. He would be shown the way if he followed the gleam.

It might be inferred that this unmeasured prodigality of service was suggested by the example of earlier saints, especially of St. Francis. There is the same absolute surrender, the same defiance of discretion, the same glad undertaking of the impossible. The fact is, however, that Don Albino's call came, not from St. Francis, but from their common Lord. Precisely as it is told of St. Francis that he opened his missal and read: "Take nothing for your journey, neither staff nor scrip, nor bread, nor money;" and as again he said to his Brothers: "I command all of you who are here assembled, by virtue of obedience that none of you have care or solicitude for anything to eat or anything necessary for the body; attend only to praying and praising God, and all solicitude for the body leave to Him, inasmuch as He has a special care for you;" so this guileless soul in the twentieth century, with no equipment for social service except a passion for souls, burned to sacrifice everything for his vocation, and, being transferred to a convent at San Remo, took to be his ward one neglected boy, who has now become his chief assistant and caretaker.

AT last a larger opportunity arrived. The straggling hamlet of Verrezzo lies at the head of a long and lovely valley, clinging like an outstretched lizard to the precipitous hill. No road reaches it, and the rugged climb of a half-hour is steep enough to satisfy the most patient mule. Huts of loose stones shelter the scattered families, and the men toil on their scanty terraces, while the women and children gather fagots and grasses, and mount the hill with huge burdens, but with heads erect and a friendly smile on their ruddy faces. Above the village is the white chapel, large enough to hold three times the population, and rising like a tall lighthouse from the huge promontory of green. To this lonely town Albino was at first despatched each Sunday to say mass, and presently was appointed village priest. Here his visionary design might be realized. The position was too modest to tempt ambition and too remote to become conspicuous in the world. In the modest precincts of his solitary church Don Albino prepared for his colony of children, clearing away the rubbish from a few bare cells and stone hovels and making them with his own hands white and clean. Fear of institutionalism forbade him to call this meager provision an asylum, or even a "Home." It should be simply a place where God's grace might work unhindered, and where God's minister had simply to hear and obey—a Little House of the Divine Providence. What kind of boy should be welcome there? Any kind. When might he come? Any day. How long must he stay? Only so long as God directed. How should he be fed or clothed? "If God so clothe the grass of the field, . . . shall he not much more clothe you?" Means of support, hostile criticism, worldly ridicule, meant as little to Don Albino as the cold winds which blew across his hilltop from the snowy Alps. He looked about him at the circling birds, and repeated the great words: "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" Without resources, without pledges of aid, he began, in 1915, to gather round him a few abandoned or homeless boys, committed to him by destitute parents or friendly priests; and through many experiences of mishap averted and wants supplied he became fortified in his daily dependence on the Divine Providence. "How many times," he says, "has the pot been put on the fire with only water in it, there being nothing else—neither food nor money! Then I pray with the boys; and always, when it is time to eat, *we eat.*" It is not, he insists, that he walks by faith, for it is in fact by sight that he is led. Faith is the evidence of things not seen; but he is permitted to see each day the wonderful grace which sustains him. What could it be but this help of the Immaculate Mother of God which in 1918, when the influenza attacked every boy and the priest himself, prevented any one of the little company from dying? What sign of the Divine Providence could be more convincing than this miracle of the pot daily filled and the purses of the prosperous daily opened? From time to time the priest, in his ragged cassock, but with refined and gracious manner and the searching eyes of the exalted mystic, trudges down with one of his boys to San Remo—not to beg, but to report; and it is a chastening spectacle to observe his manner of accepting aid. Whatever is handed to him he takes with a kindly smile, but without glancing at it, and hands behind to the boy, who again, without a glance, stows it in his bag. It may be one lira or a thousand, a crust or a month's provision; all is equally providential, and the giver and receiver are alike co-operators in transmitting the grace of God. There is neither mendicancy in asking nor pride in receiving.

According to the loving record known as "The Little Flowers of St. Francis of

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Assisi," when that thriftless saint would call his brethren to take no thought for the morrow, St. Dominic, "who was present during all these things, marveled greatly at the counsel of St. Francis, and counted it indiscreet, not being able to think how so great a multitude should be able to govern itself without any care or solicitude for the things necessary to the body. But the Chief Shepherd, Christ the Blessed, willing to show how He has cared for His sheep and singular love for His poor, immediately inspired the people of Perugia and Spoleto, of Foligno, of Spello and Assisi, and the other surrounding districts, so that they carried what was needful to eat to the holy congregation." This is precisely what has happened among the villas and hotels along the neighboring coast. This "care of Christ's lambs and singular love for the poor" has inspired people to provide "what was needed to eat to this holy little congregation," which has now grown to a colony of twenty-five boys; and the spectacle of these homeless urchins, rescued from the evil conditions which threatened them and singing their praises on the steps of the altar with their careworn but happy priest, who is at once their nurse, physician, and confessor, is as though one were permitted to hear St. Francis say again: "This is what I call a great treasure, that everything here is provided by Divine Providence, and therefore I desire that we should pray to God that he would cause holy poverty to be loved by us with all our hearts."

THE first impression made on the modern mind by this surviving fragment of the mediæval spirit may well be one of a benevolent but condescending compassion. Where are all the first principles of child-saving charity which through much experimentation have at last been established as essential? Where are discrimination, classification, case analysis, child hygiene, psychiatric tests? May not this undiscriminating affection do more harm than good? May not the contagion of the defective and vicious poison the bodies and minds of the innocent? Is not the heart, even if pure, a mischievous organ of social science, unless it be controlled by the head? What might not Don Albino do for these neglected and wayward boys if he could have a year of training in some school for social work! All these reflections seem amply justified under the accepted rules of efficiency in modern relief. Sympathy should, we say, be scientific if it would accomplish what the Apostle Paul described as a reasonable service; sentiment should be curbed; soft-heartedness must be matched by hard-headedness; the heart and head must cooperate in guiding the hand. The fundamental distinction between mediæval and modern philanthropy is in the new accession of wisdom, the prudential way of kindness, the creation of a science of humanity and a discipline of emotion.

CONFRONTED by such principles of social science, Don Albino would be speechless, if not completely ignorant of the very language used. He could not qualify even for admission to a school for social work, much less for graduation from it. He speaks the dialect of an earlier world, where science, sociology, and efficiency were as yet unborn. In other words, the unsophisticated Italian lives habitually in a world, not of human effort and scientific achievement, but of submissive expectancy and supernatural surprise. The daily miracle of the mass prepares him for further miracles. The personal concern of the Immaculate Mother of God is any day as probable as the breaking of sunshine through morning clouds. Such a man may be glad to learn from human wisdom, but he expects to learn much more from habitual prayer. Thus the order of obligations becomes completely reversed. First comes, not reflection, prudence, computation of consequences, estimate of risks, but the call from above, the unreflecting obedience, the way shown while the end is hid. The whole history of mysticism, asceticism, toleration of mendicancy, reckless child-bearing, and happy improvidence which mark each country where Catholic piety is the controlling force is but the record of a faith which does not need to reason, or provide for the future, or lead a life of one's own; but which, if it be a living faith, will be daily sustained and shown the way. To such a habit of mind this world is not an abiding-place to be reconstructed or reformed, but a temporary lodging on a longer journey, to be taken as God gives it, as a Little House of the Divine Providence.

Between such a spiritual passion and the not less devoted energy of the modern social worker there would seem to be no common ground. Mediævalism and modernism, waiting on God and working for man, seem to lead to different ends. It would be as futile to propose scientific discrimination to Don Albino as it would be for a modern Children's Aid Society to launch a great campaign without counting the cost. And yet, while the mediæval mystic is so far from the modern spirit, and his Little House lacks almost everything which would commend it to a State inspector scrutinizing its budget and dietary, there remains one aspect of this romantic scene which it may be not unprofitable for the most modern of administrators to observe. It is the perennial and undiminished effect of a chastened and consecrated character, the redemptive power of the life of grace. Institutionalism, organization, mechanism, regulations—all these, which have become the essential safeguards of modern relief, have become not less an obvious peril. To reduce a human being to a "case;" to administer benevolence in so wooden a fashion that the result may be fitly called a "Bureau;" to operate on so grand a scale that the human agent, like a worker in a great factory, becomes a cog in the great machine—all this, as every conscientious social worker recognizes, is what must be daily struggled against in the vast and complicated mechanism of modern philanthropy. How to humanize social science; how to keep the touch of persons with persons; how to be satisfied with individualized results, and maintain patience and expectancy amid incompleteness and reversions—this is the perennial problem which puts the severest strain on many a conscience and will. May it not be reassuring to discover an obscure and modest work where nothing but this spiritual power exists, where the machinery of service is as unknown as if one passed from the days of the electric light to that of the tallow dip, and yet to find that one genuinely self-effacing servant of the humblest needs, without a single wheel or bulb, can weave character and illuminate lives, just as Jesus Christ inspired fishermen and St. Francis won pleasure-loving noblemen to the vow of poverty? Don Albino's appealing venture would no doubt be safer, wiser, more free from risks of imposture and mishap, if it could be modernized, endowed, supervised; but, taken as it is and as it must be, it has this touching lesson for the modern mind. To see these children lifted out of the deepest pits of poverty and set in the way of honesty, justice, and hope by no other lifting power than that of pure affection and consecrated common sense is to be made freshly aware that no redemptive agency is likely to supplant human love, and that with this human love completely offered almost any agency may be redemptive. Many a great enterprise of modern relief, with its elaborate and prudent methods, may learn at least this lesson from the Little House of the Divine Providence.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Cadmus; or, The Future of Dragons' Teeth

By FRANCIS de N. SCHROEDER

THE Central Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History in Co-operation with Asia Magazine (to give it its full title) has been in Mongolia every summer since 1921, and by the fall of 1928 they expect their field work to be ended. It will be seen that this book, "On the Trail of Ancient Man," by Roy Chapman Andrews,[1] large and imposing though it is, is by no means a comprehensive account of their explorations. Dr. Andrews is insistent on the point. Fourteen volumes of material have been projected and are being written; he expects to write a condensed version himself; and in the meantime this large green tome is put forward as a sort of tabloid extra, that the public may know a little of what has been going on in the Gobi Desert.

In 1901 Professor Osborn, President of the Museum of Natural History, pointed out that the same kind of mammal and reptile remains have been found in the great fossil beds of Europe and in the Rocky Mountains—beds separated by thousands of miles in which not a single similar form is found. It was his theory that these animals moved there from a great dispersal center, probably in northern Asia, and he buttressed the theory with many long words and intricate diagrams to show that northern Asia was not only the Mother of Continents but very probably, like Fair Amherst, Mother of Men. This is the theory that Dr. Andrews and the Central Asiatic Expedition have set out to prove, and, so far, they seem to be doing it. One of the penalties of success which Dr. Andrews has earned is that for many years the public will think of him as the Big Fossil and Egg Man from Mongolia. He should not mind, for he has gone with his ninety-seven camels, his Sonora phonograph, and seven Dodge cars where scientific friends assured him nothing ever had been found and nothing ever would be found, and brought back, not only dinosaur eggs, but *Chalicothere, Lophirdon, Coryphodon, Baluchitherium grangeri,* and *Protoceratops andrewsi* to crush the skeptics with the weight of their syllables.

Readers who do not accept the Legislature of Tennessee as the final authority are probably well enough acquainted with the basic facts of the evolution of life to understand what these men are driving at. They know that at various periods in the development of the earth's surface there have been particular forms of life best adapted to the conditions about them, that each in their day prospered mightily, and gave way to other types as the earth changed; that the age of reptiles succeeded the age of fish, that reptiles gave way to mammals, and they in turn to man. We also know that these changes were most gradual, that when the greatest of the dinosaurs ruled the earth there were insignificant little animals running about who didn't lay eggs, and that in the days of the mastodons and mammoths there were a few primates who started to walk on their hind feet. Probably the most important discovery of Dr. Andrews and his associates were six little skulls, each about an inch and a half long. These, it has recently been proved, were mammal skulls—very primitive mammal skulls from the Cretaceous Period in the Age of Reptiles. Dr. Andrews has at least one of the missing links. He has shown to the satisfaction of any normal reader that all the forms of life in the American and European fossil beds exist in Mongolia; that Central Asia is, with reasonable certainty, the oldest of the continents; that towards the end of the age of mammals the Gobi Desert was a temperate, semi-forested plateau ideally suited to the development of mankind; and he has found Neolithic stone implements. "On the Trail of Ancient Man" his book is called. He hasn't found him yet, but he is getting warm.

From "On the Trail of Ancient Man" Courtesy G. P. Putnam's Sons

Young dinosaurs coming out of their eggs. Restoration by E. M. Fulda

But to return to the book. Charles Darwin made contributions to science even more important than these, which did not prevent him from writing some of the dullest books that ever burdened a library shelf. Here, though, is better news. If Turkey ever was the Sick Man of Europe, then surely China and Mongolia have been the Free Lunch of the East since the war. Russia, Japan, and the European Legations have grabbed

[1] On the Trail of Ancient Man. By Roy Chapman Andrews. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5.

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what they could get. Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu and other bellicose gentlemen have led their several armies about, shooting at one another when the weather was fine and slitting non-combatants' throats on Sundays. The land has grown so infested with bandits that for five years the great caravan roads have been practically deserted, and several times they have had to suspend play on the Shanghai golf course.

Into this country comes Roy Chapman Andrews with the seven Dodges and the phonograph and the ninety-seven camels. Thieving officials, brigands, wretched Mongol women in constant fear of their lives, white men who have been tortured and lived—he sees them all and notes them, but all the time his every thought is for an egg that didn't hatch and a tooth that chewed ten million years ago. It is rather magnificent. Cadmus sowed the dragon's teeth, you remember, and a field of armed men sprang up to conquer his enemies. Andrews has dug up enough real dragons' teeth to put to rout a field of Fundamentalists. The thought comes particularly to mind when we read that he has, like Jason, slain the Golden Fleece. *Budorcas bedfordi* is their scientific name, and their hair really is as golden in color as Jason thought it would be. Andrews has brought three of them back to the Museum with no Medea to help him.

Let us place one sprig of raspberry in this bouquet of roses. There are passages in the book that will shock many of our *intelligentsia*. I use the word advisedly, for ideas of morality change, but the capacity for moral indignation is constant. We now regard the use of shopworn phrases, traces of sentimentality, or the frame of mind that is known as "Babbittism" exactly as our grandfathers regarded cigarettes for women, profanity on the stage, or the works of M. Zola. Dr. Andrews does not claim to be a novelist or an essayist, I believe. He is a zoölogist who knows more about geology, ichthyology, palæontology, botany, and the rest of them than all the Flaming Youth and their favorite novelists and columnists can ever hope to, and for ninety-eight per cent of the book he tells his story in a simple, direct manner that is highly praiseworthy. But occasionally the craving for literary fixin's descends upon him, and there are sentences like: "The wild free life calls to their primitive instincts; life in the raw, stripped of artificial conventions, where strength, endurance, and courage are the ultimate test, where the last resource is the Man Himself." And "In the painted desert

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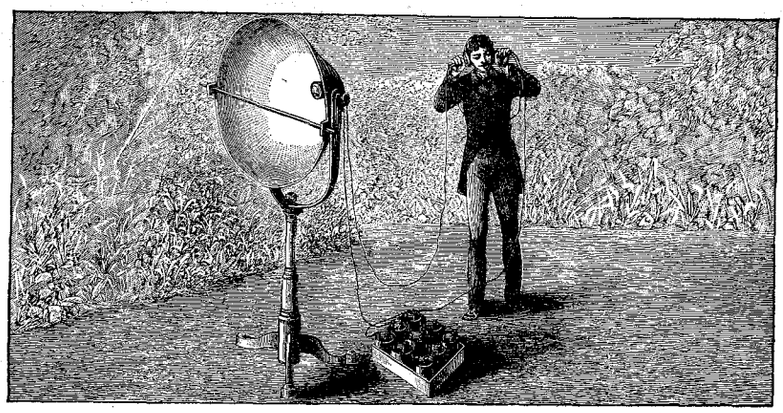

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of Gobi; in steaming Borneo jungles; among palm trees on the enchanted islands of the East Indies; in the wilderness of Korean forests; along the fog-bound shores of Bering Sea—wherever I made my little camp-fire, there was 'home.' But it has been a happy life and a full one. Not for an instant would I have changed it for the static existence of a palace on Fifth Avenue." These are estimable sentiments surely, but we could wish he hadn't put them just that way—and these aren't the only ones, mark you! To the effete modern ear they are almost as cataclysmic as if one of Miss Alcott's Little Women had said: "Aw, so's your old man!"

Dr. Andrews does not happen to be William Beebe or W. H. Hudson, and perhaps it is not to be expected that he should be. He has made some of the most important discoveries of this generation in the science of evolution; he has shot the Golden Fleece and that poetic animal, the Wild Ass of the Gobi; he has been to the Flaming Cliffs of Shabarakh Usu and the City of the Living God. What more do you want?

Fiction

OKLAHOMA. By C. R. Cooper. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

The scenes when Oklahoma first and later the Cherokee Strip were open to homesteaders had dramatic elements enough to furnish forth scores of novels, but this is the only one we remember to have seen. The hero was in the race for land location and was first aid to Pawnee Bill. The author has led an adventurous life and knows his subject. In fact, plot and love story would probably have been better if he had not been so absorbed in the historical side.

Landscape Architecture

THE DESIGN OF SMALL PROPERTIES. By M. E. Bottomley, Landscape Architect. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

Owners of small houses in town and country will find this a useful guide in laying out their grounds (even city back yards) to best advantage. It is fully illustrated with specimen plans and includes lists of various types of trees, shrubs, and vines, with notations of shape, color, growth, soil requirements, and appropriateness.

Essays and Criticism

LAY THOUGHTS OF A DEAN. By William Ralph Inge, Dean of St. Paul's. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.

These papers, which have appeared in various periodicals, embrace a large number of subjects, literary, political, social, and religious. Whether or not we always agree with the Dean, his essays are always worth reading. To use his own words spoken of Alfred Noyes: "He is a hard hitter, giving vent to a strong and healthy indigestion. He will stir up a wasp's nest, but he can take care of himself." He dislikes Bolshevists, Russians, literary and artistic, Socialism, faith healing, bricklayers, gambling, and the new rich; while he speaks well of classical studies, the Victorians, English public schools, Walter Page, eugenics, birth control, and Modernism. What he says about America is interesting, but he goes perhaps a little too far when he speaks of the "Crime of 1812,"

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when we "stabbed England in the back while she was fighting for her existence and for the liberties of Europe."

Comets

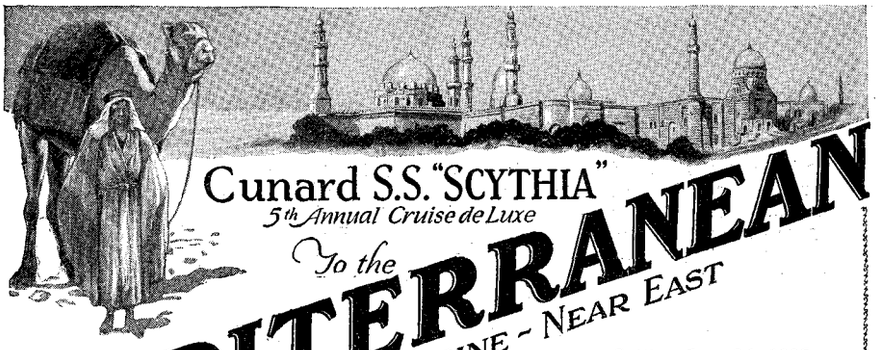
The comments on comets printed in the Book Table, August 11, 1926 (in connection with Miss Mary Proctor's book, "The Romance of Comets"), have elicited a number of letters. Apparently there are many readers of The Outlook who feel deeply upon the subject of comets and meteors. In this respect they are like the writer of that article. Some of them are respectful toward the comets, and some of them are inclined to be irreverent.

N. C. Crandall writes from Baraboo, and relates some of his—or her—experiences with comets in the State of Washington. In accordance with the practice of those regions, he makes some slighting references toward New York and the Great White Way. He admits that he wearied of waiting for Halley's comet, but asserts that when it arrived it was a magnificent sight. It extended from Willapa Harbor to the Cowlitz River region, so it is clear that it could have been no disappointment. In fact, we gather that it was one more triumph of the West over the East.

From Hibbing, Minnesota, comes a letter from Mr. Charles Edward Roe. He agrees with me about Halley's comet, and adds some family experiences with that swarm of meteors called the Leonids, which used to turn up promptly every thirty-three years until they slipped their trolley in 1899. Mr. Roe's grandfather had a frightful experience, in 1833, while returning from a husking bee. The air was full of meteors, and the young man narrowly escaped with his life. He sought refuge under a stone bridge, into which retreat he was actually pursued by some of the more vicious Leonids. In 1866 these meteors forgot their feud with the Roe family, so that its representative in that generation met with no misfortune whatever. He missed seeing them, it is true, but while waiting for them to appear he and his friends, veterans of the Civil War, engaged in a friendly little game which turned out very much to the profit of the Mr. Roe of that time. This good luck continued down to the present generation, although the Leonids were still shy in 1899.

The Rev. Mr. T. D. Jones writes from Espanola, Ontario, to describe an evening in Staffordshire, England, in 1899. Here, also, the Leonids failed to perform as advertised, and the spectacle might have been a disappointment to the observers in the town had not a group of young boys thoughtfully provided Roman candles and rockets. The amateur astronomers, who had been keeping themselves warm with various liquids, were quite satisfied with the display. It is odd to note, by the way, how frequent are the references to alcoholic drink in the narratives of these lonely watchers of the skies. There must be some direct connection between astronomy and the juice of the grape or the corn.

One of the most interesting of the letters came from Mr. George H. Remele, of Palo Alto, California. In 1866 he was a boy of fifteen, living in Middlebury, Vermont. Early in the morning of November 13 he saw the beginning of the shower of Leonids. (This was the shower which other observers have reported as no disappointment, but as a wonderful sight. Edwin Booth was born during the great shower of meteors, November 13, 1833.) Mr. Remele awakened his family, who watched the meteors from 2 A.M. until after daybreak. There would be scores falling at the same instant. Tens of thousands shot across the sky, and some of the most brilliant were observed after daylight.—E. P.



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How to Speculate Safely

THE obvious answer to the question suggested by the caption is, "Don't." Speculation and safety are both in theory and in practice a contradiction, and he who would not be burned should keep away from the fire.

The other side of the picture, however, is this: Human nature being what it is, and human affairs being what they are, a certain degree of speculation and uncertainty must enter into our calculations. Even the soundest investment is tinged with a shade of speculation. In what we call an investment, of course, the element of risk is reduced to the minimum. In what we call a speculation the element of risk is large—in some predominantly large, in others less so.

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fairly safe in speculating? Is it possible to secure the gains which come from successful speculation without incurring the risk of losses that are supposed to be inherent in speculating?

By attempting to answer these questions let it be clearly understood that we are not recommending speculation of any kind. The object in setting forth the views in the following paragraphs is to guide and assist those who have been tempted to speculate so that they can minimize their losses as far as possible.

In sum our suggestions are these:

1. If you speculate, be frank with yourself and don't say that you are investing.

2. Never speculate with more than a small portion of your funds. Speculation is a weak basket in which to carry many eggs.

3. Plan your speculation; limit your loss—or rather, your possible loss—before you start; don't inflate your hope of gain.

4. Deal only with thoroughly reliable brokerage houses. Don't add to your risk by employing agents of uncertain reputation.

5. Investigate before you speculate. Investigate more thoroughly (if possible) than you do before you invest.

6. Speculate in real, not in fictitious values. Of the six rules here given, this is the most important.

This list of directions is not complete, but it embraces the principal points that should be borne in mind. In anticipation of the heralded bull market of the coming autumn, we trust that our readers will ponder these points carefully, and, if they speculate, remember them throughout the process.

Let us now explain why each of these points is important.

1. The failure to distinguish between what is speculative and what is not is a cause of prolific loss. I do not refer to the "twilight" zone which exists just above the speculation and below the investment. I refer rather to the degree of risk taken, and this is always more or less easily ascertainable. If you have a conservative bond or investment stock, it is speculating to sell it and buy a less conservative bond or stock because you have reason to believe that it is going up. Don't let expectations outweigh facts. Be honest with yourself.

2. The man who speculates with all his money should—and probably will—have none later on. This point is so obvious that there is little need to dilate upon it.

3. "Plan your speculation; limit your loss." Why not? Anything done in accordance with a reasoned program is better than something else done at hit

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or miss. If you are speculating, you are risking. If you are risking, you must determine how much you can incur and when you should stop, even though in so stopping you lose. It is good policy to hang on to a real investment in spite of temporary market fluctuations. This same policy becomes bad when applied to speculations, for the reason that temporary market fluctuations spell either failure or success.

4. This also is too obvious to require exposition. But don't forget it.

5 and 6. To our way of thinking, the ideal speculation, the speculation with risk chopped to the bone, is the purchase of equities in sound corporations which, upon the most careful investigation, and after consideration of the large variety of factors that affect the market during any given period, seem most likely to sell higher. If the right choice is made, you are, in a sense, not speculating except to a very small degree. You are investing in dividend-paying stocks with every reason to believe that dividends will continue. You are buying shares in established businesses with real value behind them. You are, in short, doing much what the investor-speculator in real estate does when he purchases land in a growing community.

It is safe to say—there are no statistics against it—that most of the solid money made by buying and selling on the Stock Exchange is made by trading in equities. It is no game for an amateur. It is a dangerous game for even a well-informed professional if he buys only one stock; or if he misjudges market conditions, or if he buys the wrong stock, or if he over-buys. It is a less dangerous game if such speculation is diversified, for, if diversification is a good principle when applied to investing, it is trebly valuable when applied to speculation.

One of the cautions which we want to pass on to our readers in this connection is clearly explained in a letter from one of our friends, A. W. Smith, as follows:

"It is interesting and worth while to note the effect on the market of a listed stock when some powerful brokerage house or syndicate is 'pushing' the sale of that particular stock. Said brokers or syndicates are usually interested in the stock, and their enthusiasm, whether genuine or not, tends to create an artificial demand for it, which places it on an artificial and unstable price level. This price level will rise rapidly in a rising market, then will react sharply in a falling market and stay below its previous high level upon recovery of the general market.

"Recent prominent examples are Nash Motors, North American Company, Barnsdall Corporation A, Dodge Brothers A, and Gillette Safety Razor. These stocks were all being pushed very aggressively by large, well-known houses in the early part of 1926. Prior to the break in the market during March of this year these stocks sold at an average high price of 65½ per share. They fell off to an average low price of 45½ per share. To-day (August 19) they have recovered to only 52. They fell off 30 per cent in market value, and have recovered only one-third of that loss. Over the same period the Dow-Jones average ranged from a high in February of 162 to a low in March of 135, a loss of 16⅔ per cent. To-day this average price is 162.43, a recovery of more than the total loss.

"The logical conclusion is that you should be careful of the listed common stock which the broker is pushing by lavishly circulating elaborate and expensive literature setting forth the great virtues of that particular issue."

There is much sense in this and a good warning for those who believe that the action of stocks on the exchanges is due to uninspired supply and demand. We have quoted Mr. Smith at length to conclude these scattering remarks on speculation because we do not wish to be thought of as teachers of that gentle and sometimes profitable art. Speculation is playing with fire. Even the devil himself cannot always do that safely.

IT pays to look carefully into every investment trust plan before buying shares. Of course it always pays to investigate an investment, but caution is particularly necessary when considering this type because it is relatively new and there are in the field several plans which, with the best intentions in the world on the part of their managers, are not at all sound. There are some, it should be added, which are not well intended.

Recently we reported to a reader of these pages on a certain trust shares proposition. What we said suggests a line of inquiry which may be of value to others:

"We would not call Blank Trust Shares an unsafe investment. On the other hand, we would not consider it as good an investment as to invest directly in the stocks on which these shares are based. The market for these shares is, we understand, fairly narrow, and, while we haven't seen a recent quotation, we would suggest to one contemplating buying that he figure up the market value of the stocks back of the shares and compare this with the offering price."

W. L. S.

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By the Way

We have just heard of a witness in an election fraud investigation who testified that he had been bribed twenty-five dollars to vote Republican. Upon cross-examination, the fact was brought out that he also received twenty-five dollars to vote Democratic. In astonishment, the examiner asked him, in view of the fact that his vote had been purchased by both parties, which way he actually voted. The witness, with great earnestness and with injured dignity, haughtily replied: "I voted, sir, according to my conscience!"

A sign noticed above a drug-store soda fountain:

TAKE A BRICK HOME
IT'S FINE WHEN COMPANY COMES

Publicity agents for a motion picture called "The Marriage Clause" are sending out thousands of letters with a small shiny circlet inclosed. Opening the letter and finding the ring suggests trouble—you are pretty certain to read the hand-written letter:

"Dearest ——:

"My heart is broken.

"I am returning your ring because we cannot marry.

"The Marriage Clause forbids it.

"I cannot tell you about it here, but do come to the —— Theater any night next week. "SYLVIA JORDON."

From "Life:"

Judge: Why do you say it is impossible for you to begin serving your sentence at once?"

Victim: "Because, your honor, this is Outdoors Week."

The latest strike in New York City was that of the "shills." A "shill" is one who sits in a sightseeing bus until the time to start and then decamps in order to occupy a conspicuous place in the next waiting bus. Bus owners have found that it is necessary to have a few people in each waiting bus to attract cash customers. The "shills" provide the needed touch to indicate that the bus is just going out. "Shilling" has become a regular trade in New York. Scores of people make their living by sitting day after day in these waiting busses. The "shills" banded together recently and were able to force their daily wage from $2.50 up to $3.

Housewife: "I'm having such rotten luck with my cooks lately. The first one stayed only three days, and the second one I can't get rid of."

A featured photograph purporting to show Sing Sing Prison—"thirty miles from New York"—appears in that excellent illustrated weekly of the British Empire the "Sphere." The picture itself plainly shows Blackwell's Island, New York City, with Hell Gate and Queensboro Bridges in the background. The "Sphere" calls it an unusual picture. It certainly is.

Methuselah ate what he found on his plate,
And never, as people do now,
Did he note the amount of the caloric count—
He ate it because it was chow.
He wasn't disturbed, as at dinner he sat,
Destroying a roast or a pie,
To think it was lacking in granular fat,
Or a couple of vitamins shy.
He cheerfully chewed every species of food,
Untroubled by worries or fears
Lest his health might be hurt by some fancy dessert—
And he lived over nine hundred years!

New Englanders have, it seems, not lost their flair for pithy phrases. A member of The Outlook staff very recently hired a small sloop for an afternoon's sail in Gloucester Harbor. The tiller was turned over to a friend who was, to say the least, not an expert navigator. On the way back to the wharf the curious course of the sloop seemed to excite the interest of numerous onlookers along the water-front. One of them was later heard to ask the owner of the sloop what was the matter with the man at the tiller. The owner replied, quietly, "There's lots o' bo'ts he ain't sailed."

From "Punch:"

"Please, is a life-size enlargement awfully expensive?"

"Oh, no, my dear. What d'you want enlarged?"

"It is a snap I took of an elephant."

It seems that down in Alabama politics and theology are strangely mixed. R. C. Conner's display advertisements in his candidacy for the Legislature announces that "he is for fewer books in the schools, and for the Bible against Darwinism."

"Advertising certainly pays. We lost our mongrel pup—"

"And did you get it back again?"

"No, but we got two better dogs."

In this sixth year of prohibition a sign appears on the front of an employment agency in West 46th Street, New York City, reading as follows:

"Wanted a bartender to work out of town. $75 a month, plus room and board."

Hobo: "Ah, these capitalists! If we poor people only had our rights I'd be riding in my own carriage as I did before."

Skeptic: "Yes, but your poor old mother couldn't push you now."

There have been twenty-five jobs for men in the motion pictures this year for every one position open to a woman. The popularity of films devoted to army and navy battles is responsible for this. "Old Ironsides," "Beau Geste," "We're in the Navy Now," "Tell It to the Marines," "Sherman Was Right," "What Price Glory?" and several other pictures now being made are using fifteen hundred men each.

A new criminal "racket" has been disclosed by a recent arrest in Los Angeles. The culprit made a practice of renting furnished homes from a realty company and then driving up a truck and stripping the houses of everything of value within them. The schemer would call up an auctioneer, asking him to send his truck. He would explain that the house had just been sold and that the furniture must be disposed of at once. By offering a high commission he was able to collect the proceeds within a few days, besides getting free trucking service.

To complete the following anagram six words of five letters each are needed, each word containing the same letters:

The cock —— a pompous crow
As if he owned the earth.
At —— the hens say, "'Tis not so
Or he would prove his worth.
He'd —— the —— upon our roost.
Then —— to the —— would go.
And him to fame we'd boost."

Answer next week.

The verse of the Bible which contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter "j" is the twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra.

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COMPANION-helper for elderly lady and two other adults in Summit, New Jersey. Would be member of family. Must have health, tact, and Christian character; be able to read aloud, cook, and assist in light housework. 7,256, Outlook.

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